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FRENCH SENATORS ON ENGLAND.

THE most inoffensive remarks on England in the course of the debate on the French Address have been those of the Marquis of BOISSY. In all deliberative assemblies there appears from time to time a partially intentional buffoon, or semi-conscious monomaniac. Only the most sensitive tempers, however, are disturbed by the unprovoked vituperation of an unknown brawler in the street. Every nation, as well as every family, may perhaps have a skeleton to conceal, and the deepest indignation is aroused by any attempt to open the door of the closet, but pointless abuse is innocuous, or rather it stimulates the almost pleasant feeling of serene contempt. A respectable member of society knows that, whatever may be his failings, he is not a thief, a murderer, or a swindling pauper; nor is he greatly concerned when a drunkard, in the hands of the police or wallowing in the gutter, assures him that on the first convenient occasion he will be horribly revenged. M. de BOISSY is shocked at the affectation of punishing Chinese atrocities when worse crimes are habitually committed by the Government of India. He has, after forty-seven years, still to exact retribution for Waterloo, and he asserts that it would have been cheaper and better to go to London than to besiege Sebastopol or conquer Lombardy. If peace is never secure till the fortune of the last war has been reversed, it is evident that hostilities must in all cases last to the day of judgment. The offence committed against France at Waterloo consisted in the not inglorious defeat sustained by NAPOLEON, and there is no Continental nation which might not, on similar grounds, exact bloody retribution from France. It is, however, not worth while to argue against an opponent of M. de BOISSY's calibre, and it must be admitted that the Senate habitually repudiates his advocacy of the national honour and interests. As M. TROPLONG suggested to him, the shorthand-writer took down the laughter of the audience as well as the phrases which provoked it. The speaker would probably be as much disappointed as Colonel SIBTHORP himself, if his violence and exaggeration produced a serious or depressing effect on his hearers.

General MONTAUBAN, Count of PALIKAO, undertook to defend the policy of the Chinese expedition, and perhaps his arguments may induce the Legislative Body, on a future occasion, to re-consider their prejudiced opposition to his annuity. The French and English Governments ostensibly acted in concert and in good faith; and if the English officers were not altogether delighted with their foreign comrades, not even the episode of the Summer Palace has induced them to utter an unfriendly criticism on the French army or its commander. General MONTAUBAN now thinks that the enterprise can only be defended on the ground that it was opposed to English interests. He admits that it was a part of the object of his Government to open commercial relations with China; but the main purpose was to promote and extend Catholicism, which is always antagonistic to England. The Chinese, according to the pious General, understand the difference between the moral enthusiasm of France and the sordid commercial selfishness of England. It is, perhaps, immaterial to observe that a Chinaman who perceived any such distinction would reserve all his respect and admiration for the judicious nation which looked exclusively to money and business. The Count of PALIKAO may perhaps be a worthy representative of that Christianity which is the enemy of England, but the Legislative Body, having considered his African and Parisian history, seems to have formed an unfavourable opinion of his merits. It is idle, in a controversy with foreigners, to dispute the selfishness of England, or to suggest that the African squadron or the Crimean war may possibly imply some motive

besides a desire for commercial profit. Savoy and Nice are of course mere trophies, and not rewards, of military enterprise, while the costly maintenance of international right and the balance of power is but a greedy speculation. Yet it may at least be said that material advantages accrue to a nation, while so-called glory and addition of territory redound mainly to the profit of the ruler. The morality which General MONTAUBAN preaches has, without doubt, been exemplified in his personal career. It is agreeable to reflect that the disinterested sense of duty which converted him into one of the earliest adherents of Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON has been unexpectedly requited in money and honours by the EMPEROR. Earlier Algerian scandals may be forgotten when it is understood that in China he considered himself an armed missionary of the faith, rather than the instrument of merely secular policy.

It would have been well if M. BILLAULT had been as irresponsible as M. de BOISSY, or even as the candidate for the suspended dotation. Unfortunately, the official representative of the Government, while he deprecated vague and harmless attacks on England, went out of his way to insinuate a statement with reference to the American blockade which happens to be at the same time mischievous, offensive, and the exact reverse of the truth. The Minister without portfolio must be fully aware that his SOVEREIGN was, at various times, anxious to induce the English Government to concur in a forcible interruption of the blockade. It is to the EMPEROR's credit that he has yielded to the reason and authority of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL, so far as concerns all his American proceedings, down to the minutest details. Yet M. BILLAULT expresses his astonishment that any interference on the part of France should ever have been suggested. The ancient friendship with the United States has, according to his version, never been menaced or disturbed, and he discourteously declares that England will not venture, even for the most selfish purposes, to violate the neutrality which is guarded by Imperial protection. It is evident that the Minister's language is intended for America, and not for France; and that, probably without the sanction of the EMPEROR, he intends to encourage the hostile feeling against England which is already expressed with pertinacious malignity by the Republican and Abolitionist press. Lord RUSSELL's last despatch to Lord LYONS might almost satisfy American jealousy by the calm explanation which it contains, both of the law of blockade and of the legitimate policy of neutrals. The Federalist organs might for a moment have been silenced by the public refutation of their charges, if M. BILLAULT had not provided them with a welcome excuse for still vituperating England and fawning upon France.

Although a responsible Minister ought to have abstained from an indirect attack on an ally of his Government, there is perhaps an excuse for the occasional bursts of irritation against England in the Senate or in the Legislative Body. There is no serious Opposition in either Chamber, with the exception of the clerical faction, which feels and professes a cordial hatred to a country which is at once heretical and free. The constitutional party, which is at present excluded from all share in public affairs, takes every opportunity out of doors of denouncing the foreign policy of the English Government. As a certain popularity may often be gained by appeals to national antipathies, the Imperialists perhaps think it imprudent to allow their adversaries the exclusive use of a weapon which may so easily be handled. If unfriendly expressions must be used, it is convenient that they should be confined to the traditional phrases of French Anglophobia. The only country in the world which cultivates universal freedom of trade may be content to bear the imputation of a

persevering desire for commercial monopoly. There can be no offence in replying that the French are too fond of what they call glory, for their writers and orators incessantly boast of the national failing. Perhaps it might be argued that a love of buying and selling is safer, if not nobler, than a passion for gunpowder and drums. The world is not seriously injured by an exchange of commodities which can be spared for others which are necessary or useful. Trampled China itself is perhaps as much benefited by the merchants who purchase tea as by the priests who, in General MONTAUBAN'S opinion, defy at the same time the devil and the English. Even the misrepresentation of the policy which has been adopted during the American civil war will do little harm in the long run. The leaders of opinion in the Northern States of America are so little accustomed to veracity or justice that they will be embarrassed by the possession of plausible evidence in favour of their own arbitrary assertions.

MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR AND THE MIDDLE TEMPLE BENCHERS.

IT will be no slight misfortune if Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR, assisted by Mr. DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY, succeeds in persuading the public that the censures or punishments of the Inns of Court proceed from a Rhadamanthine tribunal. The fault of the Benchers of the various Inns is not that their jurisdiction is too sternly or searchingly exercised, but that their action is intermittent and their leniency extravagant. They are the least severe of existing Courts. They are with difficulty roused to activity. They prolong investigation to an unreasonable length. They can scarcely be got to condemn a single offender, unless the evidence against him is clear and the delinquency flagrant. The Bar of England, protected by no adequate educational test below, is losing the advantage of consistent and effective superintendence above. It is gradually coming to consist of persons selected by chance to share in an utterly unregulated monopoly. The quality of Barrister implies participation in certain lucrative advantages, but it does not necessarily imply the possession either of knowledge or of character. The reputation for integrity which the profession still happily enjoys as a whole is attributable to the nice sense of honour which is privately cultivated and the high standard of rectitude which is conventionally maintained among its members; but if a particular practitioner has duller perceptions or a tougher moral cuticle than the rest, there is no authority which can be relied upon to check or to castigate him. The want of an effective Council of Discipline is, in fact, threatening the Bar with the most disastrous consequences.

The theory of the Benchers is doubtless that their jurisdiction is domestic; this indeed is shown rather unhappily by the allusive judgment on Mr. SEYMOUR which the Benchers of the Middle Temple have published. We should be surprised if anybody who had really considered the subject objected to this theory. The necessity of a domestic, that is of a despotic and secret, tribunal to superintend the practice of advocacy, is proved by experience, and may be established *a priori*. The Bar of every country in Europe has its Council of Discipline; and it is remarkable that, at the two Revolutions which within living memory have disturbed French society, not only was no voice raised against the severity of the body which governs the advocates of France, but its powers were actually augmented. The reason of this universal submission is perfectly plain. The moral dangers—we may almost say, the moral anomalies—of the advocate's profession are everywhere recognised. Sarcasms directed against it form the stock commonplaces of superficial thinkers. Its temptations are by none felt so keenly as by the highest minds engaged in it, and they uniformly seek to protect themselves by prescribing and submitting to rules of professional conduct which in any other avocation would be regarded as needlessly minute and punctilious. But unfortunately there will always be men—particularly in a profession like the English Bar, to which the access is virtually free to all the world—who will show themselves callous to the reproofs of mere opinion. It is for the correction of such persons that Councils of Discipline are needed, nor do we see how such bodies could act with effect unless they were allowed to constitute a domestic forum. The vulgar clamour against secrecy is out of place here. The Benchers of the Inns of Court have to enforce rules which depend for their sanction on the tacit sentiments common to men of refinement and

integrity, and therefore to punish offences which are to a great extent incapable of definition. The powers which they exercise must necessarily be even larger than those committed to Courts-martial; for the "honour" which officers are obliged to observe is (as the still-proceeding Dublin case proves) a standard scarcely intelligible except by reference to the extinct practice of duelling, while the honour of the Bar is a strict obedience to the moral principles which are the very cement of society. It is not, therefore, to the theory of the Benchers' jurisdiction that exception can reasonably be taken, but then it is a theory which requires a very different application from that to which the English Bar is accustomed. Something is very evidently wrong when a scandal lasts ten years before investigation, when a question of personal integrity is debated almost at as great a length as the WINDHAM case, and when the adjudicating tribunal has so little confidence in its hold on public opinion that an anonymous placard-writer in Southampton, by provoking Mr. SEYMOUR to call for publicity, can compel the publication of a judgment which was evidently intended to be a private warning and remonstrance from a quasi-paternal authority.

The grievances of Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR do not appear to us to be exactly those which he thrusts on public attention. A man who has been admitted to share in a lucrative monopoly ought not to clamour against secrecy and irresponsibility as if he were a citizen demanding a common right; and indeed Mr. SEYMOUR has a complete remedy in his own hands, for he can publish the documents on which the Benchers' censure proceeded, and add to them, if he pleases, those which he rather incredibly asserts to have been suppressed. But, doubtless, though he has not suffered an absolute, he has suffered a comparative wrong. The charges which rumour brought against him were not worse than those brought against a score of others. It is hard to be suddenly dropped down upon by an authority which allows a crowd of companions in disrepute to range about undisturbed, and there is legitimate complaint against a system which permits the mere accident of professional promotion to be the occasion of an inquiry which, if called for at all, was imperatively called for ten years since. A still more serious grievance of Mr. SEYMOUR'S is the fluctuating composition of the Court which has given him this doubtful acquittal. At the same time, the whole of the English Bar, which knows what may be expected from the Benchers, will doubtless be much astonished if Mr. SEYMOUR succeeds in showing that he has been treated by them with undue harshness. He may murmur if he likes against the acknowledged defects of the superintending tribunal, but those who feel them most strongly are not precisely persons in his position. The earnest wish of great numbers of honourable men is that they should feel themselves subjected to the jurisdiction of a permanent, consistent, active, and righteously severe authority. There is not the slightest reason why the best of all Courts for this purpose should not be organized at once. The Inns of Court have the requisite powers, and they are governed by men who, to do them justice, have the nicest sense of the principles on which advocacy should be conducted, unless it is to become a moral and social nuisance. But all these advantages are frittered away through their obstinacy in acting independently of each other. Four bodies can never act with the promptness and precision of one, and when a jurisdiction is not only distributed between four tribunals, but is not even administered by the same individuals in each of them, it is virtually abandoned. No Court, conscious of such defects, could afford to exercise its powers with vigour. What is wanted is a single tribunal, not too large, and not composed of men too busy, to institute inquiries into all current professional scandals at the first moment when they attract notice. If the four ancient Societies which govern the Bar do not provide it with the supervision it requires, the least they have to expect is that they will be bullied periodically by the offenders whom they do condemn. The more probable result is that the principle implied in their supineness will be carried to its consequences, and that they will be deprived of their venerable privilege of holding in their possession the key to a great profession.

THE TURIN INTRIGUE.

MOST readers of political correspondence from Italy must have observed that, for some time past, there has seemed to be something going on there not quite as it ought to do. A vague feeling of alarm and uncertainty has cast a

gloom over the Italian Parliament. Baron RICASOLI has been supported by a large and compact majority; but he stands alone, and cannot get together colleagues that add to his reputation or strength. And now we hear of an intrigue to supplant, not only him, but the Parliament itself. It seems to be ascertained that the publication of CAVOUR's letters was due, not to any wish to do good or harm to CAVOUR's memory, but simply to a desire to raise M. RATAZZI to glory, and show how important a man he has been for a long time. Rumour says that M. RATAZZI's friends have been plotting to make him Prime Minister, at the slight cost of overturning the Constitution, setting aside the Parliament, and making the KING dictator. It is even whispered that VICTOR EMMANUEL has been so far a party to this intrigue that he has not interfered to discountenance it, although, as his private secretary, M. Bensa, has been the prime mover in the affair, he cannot have been ignorant of what was going on. That there has been any real complicity between the KING and the contrivers of a scheme that would first tarnish his name and then upset his dynasty, is in the highest degree improbable. But that those around him should have fancied the thing possible, and that the position of a Minister, backed by a large Parliamentary following, should have been held to be endangered by a kind of opposition so contemptible, are facts which suggest how many and great are the dangers through which constitutional government has to pass in its infancy.

There are always moments in the history of nations when the personal motives, jealousies, and fear of individuals seem to act with exceptional force. One of these moments is the time which comes after liberty has been won and before it has been consolidated. There never were Ministries in England less coherent and imposing than those which were supposed to support the hero of the Revolution of 1688; and the first five or six years in France that followed the Revolution of July were chiefly marked by the successive dangers that menaced the new order of things. If we recollect those dark and troubled pages of history, Italy seems remarkably well off. There, the danger has assumed the shape of a Minister who is not liked by his Sovereign and cannot gather friends round him, but who nevertheless commands respect at home and abroad, and who is most effectively supported in Parliament whenever he chooses to let his strength be seen. This is something better than LOUIS PHILIPPE got to the end of his reign. A Minister of a high and upright character, who knew what he meant and was backed up by a good majority in carrying it out, would have been a luxury that the KING of the FRENCH would have known how to appreciate in the first few dismal and disordered years of his reign, even though this Minister had been the most disagreeable of men and the most peremptory of officials. RICASOLI has not the art of conciliating subordinates, and therefore he stands alone. But this is only a small part of the reason why he is not supported. The foremost men in the Italian Parliament stand aloof from office, because office would now be the source to them of many petty daily vexations. The Italian departments of State are overburdened with arrears of work, and a variety of new questions are forced on their attention before any machinery has been devised for meeting the difficulty. They are besieged with crowds of persons who think themselves injured and aggrieved. It happens also that the decision of Ministers has to be made on many small things that must be settled off hand, but which virtually involve the adoption of lines of action in the administration of home affairs as to which there is a great difference of opinion. Men who have a reputation to lose do not like to have the task of making a number of rapid decisions which must either be at variance with their own convictions, or must bring them into collision with their chief. It is not a time where the mere discharge of an administrative office is likely to bring a statesman comfort or honour. And so the leading men hold off from the Cabinet. To do so would argue a very feeble share of patriotism and unselfishness, were it not that the position of Baron RICASOLI is so strong. The Italian leaders urge that, as they are quite convinced of Baron RICASOLI's honour and zeal for the country, and as he keeps up the name of Italy before Europe, it is better to maintain his prestige by a cordial Parliamentary support than to enter his Cabinet and weaken it by the internal dissensions which must arise if he has to discuss his home policy with men who stand on something like an equality with him. Still, the mere fact that he has tried to strengthen his Cabinet, and has tried in vain, could scarcely fail to give hopes to the few persons who look for a personal advantage in

his downfall, and it is very likely that their hopes may have been fostered by a personal coldness between the KING and his Prime Minister. Baron RICASOLI has apparently not the art of governing without seeming to govern. He lets the KING know rather too plainly that the first duty of a constitutional Sovereign is to keep quiet. But these quarrels between a King and his Ministers are too familiar features of representative government for us in England to feel much alarm at them. We know how wide a step there is between the grumbling of a Court and a *coup d'état* to overthrow the liberties of a nation.

No intrigue of this sort can succeed unless the nation is corrupted or distracted, or wearied with disappointment and defeat. Even then it can scarcely succeed unless the nation sees a prospect of something new coming to take the place of what is passing away. The *coup d'état* of December succeeded because a nation in fear of the material losses of anarchy was willing to pay any price for security. But a plot to put M. RATAZZI in place of Baron RICASOLI could offer the nation nothing that it wants. If M. RATAZZI could bring with him hopes of a more intimate French alliance than exists at present, he could only do so by sacrificing the independence of the country. The only solace that the country could find for its loss of liberty would lie in the chances of war, and the hotbrained republicans would be able to dictate when the struggle with Austria is to begin. The KING cannot surely be in any desperate hurry for another Novara. There would be nothing to gain by the change, and there is no reason why the change should be made. The nation is not disappointed or disheartened. The Minister is not unsuccessful. On the contrary, both the home and the foreign policy of Baron RICASOLI are satisfying as many honest Italians as any policy could be expected to satisfy. Italy has in no part gone back in the last year, and in some parts it has gone forward. The Neapolitans are very foolish, and amuse themselves with childish demonstrations; but it is a great step to have advanced from a liability to be plundered and murdered to a state of babyish and manageable license. Brigandage has been put down, at least for the moment, and General LA MARMORA has shown the Neapolitans what a firm and good governor can do for them. Throughout Italy, public works are being pushed forward, and the different provinces are being united by the most operative of all influences, that of direct personal communication. The higher clergy have not succeeded in alienating the lower from the national cause, and for the moment at least provincial jealousies have been laid aside in the Parliament. Abroad, Baron RICASOLI has gained ground by the mere force of holding his position strongly. Time brings new allies. Prussia did not mean to help the Italians, but she can scarcely avoid helping them now. She finds it necessary for her own existence as an independent Power to make a stand against Austria, and one of the first and most obvious points of resistance is the claim of Austria to be protected by Germany in her non-German Provinces. If matters go much further than they have done, there will be a rupture between North and South Germany, so open that Prussia will necessarily be one of the best friends of Italy. This is not perhaps a very great or definite triumph, but it is a success so far as it goes; and a Minister under whom the star of a nation's external splendour is rising rather than setting, has at least one great source of protection against adversaries who are plotting to overwhelm him with sudden destruction.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THE fortune of war has been favourable to the Federalists, whose successes, although they are not decisive, have not lately been interrupted by reverses. General BURNSIDE has obtained possession of Roanoke Island, commanding the lagoons or land-locked waters which run up the coast of North Carolina nearly to the frontier of Virginia. The swamps and shallows of the district may probably offer serious obstacles to the progress of the Northern troops, but the Confederates appear to have failed, through want of spirit or of ability, to present a vigorous resistance. The loss of Norfolk, which is now for the first time seriously threatened, would be a heavy blow to the cause of the South, and the Seceding States are taking alarm at the movements which are designed to cut their territory in two. Far to the West, the Federalists are also advancing, with little opposition, along the course of the Tennessee River, in the rear of the enemy's position at

Bowling Green. The invading armies in Kentucky and in North Carolina are six or seven hundred miles apart, and their meeting in the mountains of East Tennessee is a remote, if not an improbable, contingency. Nevertheless, it seems that the great superiority of numbers and equipment is beginning to tell in favour of the more powerful belligerent. The Confederates have been unable to provide gunboats for the defence of their own rivers, and consequently they have been driven, not without discredit, from one or more of their most important positions. While the Federal flotilla has accomplished its easy task, the armies in Kentucky seem to have been stationary, but it may be assumed that General BUELL is preparing for some important movement. If he can reach the eastern districts of Tennessee he will find himself among a comparatively friendly population, and he will impede the communications between the eastern and western portions of the Confederate States; but it remains to be shown whether the Northern leaders have sufficient resources or capacity for so considerable an enterprise. Up to the present time, the war has been distinguished by no remarkable display of skill or valour on the part of either combatant, but among thousands of officers commanding three quarters of a million of men there must be latent military qualities which will develop themselves with opportunities of action. It is also probable that some of the generals are either sincere in their patriotism, or prudent enough to perceive that their own interest is identified with the triumph of their arms.

General STONE, who directed the operations at Ball's Bluff, has been arrested on the charge of deliberately betraying his troops by placing them in a position where they could not fail to be destroyed; and the friends of Colonel BAKER, who fell in the action, will press the charge against his commanding officer, while there will be no opportunity of inquiring into some minor obliquities of which the deceased hero is himself accused. One of the numerous public plunderers, having been accused of ingratitude to Senator BAKER, who procured his appointment, defends himself by the assertion that he paid his patron some hundreds of dollars for his good offices. *Nusquam tuta fides*. DIOGENES would find his search laborious if he pursued it at Washington; and if he studied the Report of the Committee on Contracts he would probably blow out his lantern in despair. It has been a common practice to sell ships and stores to the Government at two or three times the market price, while the vendor and the purchaser's agent divided the balance between them. The shareholders of a shipping Company passed, in their Chairman's accounts, a charge of \$8000 for bribes to members and ex-members of Congress, and the Committee were prudently satisfied with the simple declaration of the culprit that he had not really spent a farthing in corruption. The numerous friends of Mr. THURLOW WEED will regret to hear that he was charged in his absence, by a calumnious witness, who professed to have himself engaged in the negotiation, with procuring lucrative contracts for applicants who were willing to pay him a certain percentage. One of the most shameless swindlers is declared by the Committee to have enjoyed the full confidence of the PRESIDENT; and the SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, as well as the late SECRETARY FOR WAR, are closely, though perhaps innocently, connected with all the most nefarious transactions. The general system of plunder appears, on the whole, to be regarded with liberal, if not excessive, toleration. The criminals are, in the majority of cases, only smart men of business, influenced by motives of simple cupidity without any admixture of treason. The newspapers denounce their acts somewhat less strongly than they expose, on the arrival of every separate mail, the malignant iniquity of the English Government and nation. It would be absurd for the recent advocates, in the *New York Times* and *Herald*, of wholesale repudiation, to affect any extraordinary regard for pecuniary obligations.

The passage of the Currency Bill through Congress will perhaps provide for the immediate wants of the Government. Outstanding debts and impending charges will be covered by the issue of a coinage which costs the State little or nothing. The Federal paper money may, under the Act, be exchanged for a six per cent. stock, but the option will not be exercised until either the funds rise or the currency is largely depreciated. At present, the premium on gold is comparatively insignificant, and some time must elapse before it will be possible to estimate the value of the new paper issue. It is only certain that the Government has drawn on one of its last reserves, and that the operation

of raising a loan without interest cannot be repeated. The currency scheme will perhaps produce 30,000,000*l.* once for all, to meet an annual expenditure of five or six times the amount. The approaching embarrassments of the Treasury furnish strong reasons for pushing the war with the utmost vigour during the three months which will elapse before the setting in of the hot season. The stores and arms which are required for the spring campaign have probably been in a great measure provided, at double the cost which would have been incurred by honest public agents; and it may be good economy to be prodigal of ammunition while it is plentiful, and of men before the army has discovered that its pay is about to be practically reduced. A brilliant victory, at any expense of blood and of money, would be a good investment, because it would strengthen the Government, and stimulate the enthusiasm of the people. Universal excitement might even produce another loan at 7 or 8 per cent. If the armies continue to look at each other across the Potomac, the North will refuse to find money, although it may still clamour for the prosecution of the war. It is, indeed, demonstrable that the present outlay cannot be maintained for another year.

The Federal cause would have been better served by a smaller and cheaper army, and if hostilities continue, the establishment must inevitably be reduced. After every form of extravagance has been exhausted, frugality will probably be recommended by patriotic writers and speakers as the distinctive virtue of the Republic. There are numerous commonplaces which illustrate the parsimonious care of great commanders. FREDERICK of Prussia perhaps spent in the Seven Years' War as much as Mr. LINCOLN spends in seven weeks; and NAPOLEON, notwithstanding his recklessness of life, was habitually careful of money. NELSON, before he went into action, always ordered new sails to be taken down, that the enemy's artillery might only spoil old and worn-out canvas. In America high prices unavoidably prevail at all times, but the enormous demands which are created by the existing armaments increase the cost of every commodity which is required. The SECRETARY FOR WAR might perhaps supervise the contracts necessary for 100,000 men, and he might also take care that the force was commanded by moderately competent officers. His colleague at the Treasury could easily provide funds for its maintenance, and any general who may be discovered in the course of the war will probably prefer a moveable and manageable army to a countless multitude. It is, however, almost idle to speculate on the future conduct of a war which may be terminated in a few months through a conviction of its inutilty. The Northern Border States are so far from desiring an immigration of emancipated slaves, that one third of the Illinois Legislature has recently voted for the expulsion of the whole coloured population from the State. The profits which Massachusetts and New York derive from the war have excited jealousy in the West, and after the probably indecisive issue of the present campaign, the numerous differences which have for a whole year been violently suppressed will probably find expression in some new system of policy.

LA REINE LE VEUT.

HER MAJESTY having expressed her judgment on the PRINCE CONSORT'S Memorial, there is of course an end of all controversy on the subject. Whatever opinion, founded upon artistic or other considerations, it may have been not improper to urge as to the style, character, or purpose of the national tribute before the Royal decision was made, it would now be indecent and disloyal to reiterate. The deference which common feeling pays to the widow's slightest wish in her hour of trial and sorrow must at least be accorded to our SOVEREIGN; and our dutiful and affectionate concurrence with that decision is perfectly compatible with a judgment on an art question to be settled by merely historical and æsthetical considerations. The choice of an obelisk has at least those solid and material recommendations which not unreasonably might have presented themselves to the Royal Mourner. An obelisk has the character of eternity stamped upon it. A vast monolith implies a great sumptuousness in labour and transport; and it may perhaps be made capable of receiving any amount of costly and significant decoration. We turn, with thankfulness and a sense of relief, to another aspect of the subject on which happily two opinions are impossible. If another link were wanted to bind the nation and the SOVEREIGN together, it would be furnished by the path-

tic and touching letters written in the QUEEN's name which have been recently published. To have been admitted into the inner home of the SOVEREIGN's most sacred feelings is an honour to the country; and we may with some pride own that we have, as a people, deserved this token of personal confidence. We have won our own place in that house of mourning. There is of course a superior height—that throne where She and sorrow sit—which but one can occupy, and that one the nearest and dearest to him whose loss we have so many reasons to deplore; but there are instances in history, rare as beautiful, in which it seems that a whole people may be as one family. It is the domestic aspect of our loss which touches us most deeply; and the QUEEN's letters, in their simple eloquence, are almost family communications to every English home. We are proud of our QUEEN because she is proud of us, and our mutual pride has a common origin in the affectionate respect with which the nation mourns its departed friend. The late PRINCE CONSORT exhibited in a remarkable degree the highest aspect of that rarest of virtues—true friendship. He was the Friend of England. He was too good and great to stoop to those vulgar arts by which a specious popularity is cheaply won. A friend is one who recognises our shortcomings, is active and careful to mark our deficiencies, and is chary alike of praise and blame. Something of an austere aspect is almost inseparable from true friendship; and an apparent coldness is compatible with—indeed is hardly separable from—the highest sympathy. The highest minds count the cost of being misunderstood; and He who best knew human nature, being Himself its highest embodiment, only denounced by implication a woe on those of whom all men speak well.

Bystanders, perhaps, see these things with a more acute eye than those who are personally interested. In a family, it is often the stranger that detects whose is that subtle influence, whose that silent persuasiveness of character, whose that unobtrusive power, which moulds and governs the whole domestic circle. We are thankful, for example, for that cordial recognition of the late PRINCE's power for good which was tendered on Saturday last by more than one of the speakers at the WASHINGTON dinner. It might be difficult to say when and how the PRINCE CONSORT's influence was exerted; but it is always hard to analyse the greater powers. Nobody can define life—it is known only or chiefly in its results. We know that our Court has been a model Court—we know how it has told on others by a merely moral force. We have, as far as the SOVEREIGN is concerned, a retrospect in which there is not a single cloud. Not a single transaction on which intrigue can be charged, not a domestic blunder in the long conflict of political parties, can be imputed to the English Palace. This is all but a new experience in history. To King-Consorts and to Queen-Consorts we can—or history misleads us—trace many a profligate war, and much of the blood and tears of humanity; and it would be absurd to suppose that the last twenty-two years of our national and political life did not present many opportunities for the action of sinister influences. That rancour and envy cannot detect a solitary flaw in that perfect sacrifice of self which is the late PRINCE's finest characteristic, is his highest eulogy. It was the massive and majestic simplicity of his conception of duty which made it so comparatively easy to him to be his country's friend. Circumstances placed him apart from ordinary temptations to intrigue; but it was the PRINCE's own sense which enabled him to make his solitariness a superior height. He used his place so as to become to England what Bacon calls a *melior natura*—he was almost in the place to us of a higher intelligence.

Although these reflections are immediately suggested by the letters addressed by HER MAJESTY's command to the Lord Mayor, they are of a general nature. What is especially to be remarked in those touching and true-hearted letters is the way in which the QUEEN associates and identifies herself in this, as in all other things, with her people. With that greediness of affection which can never be satisfied without some share in even the regard and love which others bestow on a common object, she challenges her place among those who testify to their sense of their PRINCE's worth. The wife cannot but associate herself with the humblest offering which is laid by stranger hands on the Royal tomb. A common grief compels a common mourning. And while the place which the QUEEN has, with such delicacy of thought, assumed in this matter will yield consolation to her own lifelong sorrows, when the hour of danger or of difficulty arrives, and when we may most keenly miss that sage counsel and that cool clear judgment,

the memory of him we mourn will teach us—QUEEN and PRINCE and people alike—to act and think as he would have acted and thought for us all.

THE FRENCH DEBATES.

THE violent debate in the French Senate must be eminently unsatisfactory to patriots who hope for a return of Constitutional Government. Although Frenchmen have not lost their gift of eloquence, those who are most highly placed among them seem not to have attained the instinct of Parliamentary discussion. The impatience of the audience echoes and promotes the intemperance of orators, and the incomprehensible propensity of the nation to accept official interference allows presiding officers to reprove the supposed excesses of debate, in the tone of schoolmasters repressing insubordination. Perhaps habit and experience may correct the superficial eccentricities which impair the dignity of French assemblies; but the real impediment to serious and profitable discussion consists in the character, or rather in the political condition, of society as it exists under the second Empire. Declamations on first principles, however eloquent and ingenious, have no practical bearing on the conduct of affairs. It is impossible to argue to any purpose, in public or in private, when nothing is taken for granted. Order, liberty, religion, the principles of 1789, are the proper themes of essayists or of juvenile rhetoricians, and not of responsible statesmen. The great majority of the Senate is opposed to democracy, and many of its members would, on a convenient opportunity, display their hostility to the reigning dynasty. A portion of the number probably retains some regard for constitutional liberty, but the upper class of Frenchmen includes almost all political improvements in its antipathy to revolution. The liberation of Italy has excited more indignation than the suppression of freedom in France, and M. PIETRI was fully justified in his assertion that the Voltairian leaders have specially undertaken the patronage of the Church and the Pope. The adversaries of the Government denounce, not its encroachments on the rights of subjects, but its neglect to use its power for the benefit of the clerical faction; yet it is a strange ground of attack on a system which is at the same time absolute and popular, that it is not despotic enough. The Jacobites of WALPOLE's time kept their disaffection in the background, while they abused the Minister of the Hanoverian dynasty for his alleged violations of the Constitution. The Marquis of LA ROCHEJACQUELEIN founds his objections to the Imperial law of the press on the toleration which has been extended to the liberal and anti-clerical papers. It was his real purpose to insinuate that the Government was responsible for the anti-papal policy which journalists have been allowed to advocate without official interference; and his implied argument is perfectly well-founded, although it may be true that no paper receives a direct subvention. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Patrie* would be as orthodox as the *Monde* if the EMPEROR had thought fit to identify himself with the cause of the POPE; yet it is scarcely adroit to attack the Government on the ground of its administrative moderation.

M. DE LA ROCHEJACQUELEIN expressed the opinions which command favour in the Senate. Prince NAPOLEON committed a graver error in addressing an audience out of doors, to the utter destruction of his legitimate influence among his colleagues. On the practical question, as far as any such matter was in debate, the PRINCE defended the cause of reason and justice; but the expediency of respecting Italian unity, and of abandoning the usurped possession of Rome, by no means depends on questionable theories and offensive clap-trap about the connection of Imperialism with democracy. The Senate was justly indignant at the sympathetic quotation of the clamours of 1815 against nobles, emigrants, and traitors. The substitution of *prêtres* for *traîtres* in the ear of the audience was the more natural because priests may properly be classed with nobles, while treason is a colourless and general imputation. Notwithstanding the contradictions of some eye-witnesses who happen to have seats in the Senate, it is certain that that part of the population which welcomed NAPOLEON's return from Elba was bitterly and loudly hostile to priests as well as to nobles and emigrants. NAPOLEON himself, though he might at other times prefer aristocrats to republicans, justified his overthrow of the BOURBON Monarchy by repeated appeals to the popular dread of the emigration and of its maxims. As there are at present neither emigrants, nor hostile nobles, nor even traitors to guard against, a revival of democratic passions is justly liable to censure. A

discourse which is virtually an appeal from the Senate to the populace is still more unworthy of a wisely liberal politician. The cause of freedom can only be promoted by increasing the influence of the Legislative assemblies in the State, and yet Prince NAPOLEON contrasts the reactionary tendencies of the Senate with the democratic leanings of the EMPEROR. The close alliance of the multitude with a military chief has been in all ages the base and the security of despotism. If the defender of the present system recommends the concession of further liberty to the press, he avows the belief that the Government would obtain even additional support if the journals were no longer subjected to official control.

Nothing could be feebler than the attempt to prove that a crown descending from father to son was, in some mysterious sense, independent of the principle of inheritance. It is true that the BOURBONS claimed to reign by divine right, while the BONAPARTES nominally affect an additional sanction from the will of the people. In both cases, the heir ascends the throne, if he ascends it at all, because there is no one able or no one willing to dispute his claim by force. It is not intended that even the form of universal suffrage shall be repeated at the next devolution of the Imperial Crown. If the Ministers and Marshals are faithful to their engagements, the new Emperor will be proclaimed without a moment's delay, and, in the improbable contingency of any opposition, the malcontents will assuredly be shot down in the streets. Prince NAPOLEON, as a man of sense and intellect, ought not to have condescended to the sophistical argument which was derived from the words used by the founder of the dynasty at his coronation. The spirit of NAPOLEON will, it seems, no longer hover over his posterity to bless it, if his descendants cease to deserve the love and confidence of the great nation. Probably the spirit of St. LOUIS or of HENRY IV. took little delight in watching over LOUIS XV. at the time when Madame DU BARRI by no means secured for her lover the esteem or confidence of France. Nevertheless, divine right lasted as long as it could, and the Elect of the millions will in like manner dispense at his pleasure with the ancestral blessing.

It is true that Imperialism and democracy are closely allied both by natural sympathy and by necessary antagonism. The levelling spirit of the community, even more than universal suffrage, favours an authority which will suppress all superiority of rank or of intellect. On the other side, the friends of order wish for a vigorous Executive to suppress the anarchic propensities of the lower classes. All experience shows that freedom means government by a minority which fairly represents the wishes of the entire nation while it follows its own deliberate judgment. In France, as in almost all other countries, the rightful rulers of the State are crushed between the upper and nether millstones of despotism and democracy. The French Government deserves credit for its moderation in the exercise of its powers, but its fundamental principle is explained by Prince NAPOLEON with equal accuracy and indiscretion. M. BAROCHE and M. BILLAULT did their utmost to recall the Senate from the exciting digressions of M. DE LA ROCHE-JACQUELIN and of the Republican Prince. Their speeches are constructed on the true Parliamentary model, and they are laudably exempt from reference to abstract theories or phrases. Even the singular contrivance which excludes the acting Ministers from a participation in debates is an improvement on the American plan of composing an assembly exclusively of irresponsible members. The Ministers without portfolios have many advantages over the more ambitious orators of the Senate. It is their interest as well as their duty to quiet animosities, to repress excitement, and especially to prevent any hostile demonstrations against the Government. Above all, their presence adds to the importance of the assemblies which it is their business to guide, because their language is supposed to express the intentions of the Chief of the State.

There are some indications that the EMPEROR himself is becoming jealous of the progress of Parliamentary independence. His letter to General MONTAUBAN is either an unusual indiscretion, or a menace to the Legislative Body. NAPOLEON III. has seldom made so unwise an assertion as in his declaration that only degenerate nations haggle about rewards for military services. According to ancient historians, public gratitude varied in Greece and in Rome according to a precisely opposite law. The great exploits of the chief national heroes seldom met with any substantial recognition, while, in later and corrupted times, weakness

and adulation took the form of lavish public generosity. The tone, however, which is adopted with reference to the nominal representatives of the people, is more important than the justice or fallacy of an offhand aphorism. The EMPEROR would never think of declaring that France had degenerated, and therefore it may be argued that the Legislative Body, in his estimation, fails to represent the wishes or character of the nation.

THE PARLIAMENTARY BOB ACRES.

IF any one has grounds for a suspicion that his valour is not appreciated by his friends and the public as it ought to be, there is no cheaper way of advertising it than to send somebody a challenge. If there were the remotest danger that a challenge would be really followed by a duel, the class of persons whose courage requires advertising would not be very forward to employ this expedient for making it known. But duelling is so obsolete that the experiment is perfectly safe. "The most nervous invalids may confidently venture," as the advertisers of quiet donkeys at a watering-place phrase it. A man runs no more danger of a bullet by "demanding the satisfaction of a gentleman" than he runs the danger of hot ploughshares by challenging the ordeal by fire. The thing has become as ridiculous as the man in armour in the Lord Mayor's show. It disappeared for ever amid inextinguishable laughter on the occasion of the exploits of the linendraper in Tottenham Court Road. Duels will not be fought now, for the obvious reason that the pressure of public opinion, by the strength of which the practice existed, is now turned the other way. The only motive that used to induce men to risk their lives now urges them to avoid the risk. Mankind may be divided into those who fear bullets more than ridicule, and those who fear ridicule more than bullets; but to whichever section a man may belong, he will be equally solicitous to decline a duel. No one, therefore, who thinks that his reputation requires airing, need be in the least degree anxious as to the results of sending a cartel. But if he be of a very nervous temperament, and feels that his courage is oozing out of the palms of his hands, he can make assurance doubly sure by sending his challenge to an official personage. The decencies of office, added to the fear of being laughed at, will restrain the most fire-eating Minister from bringing such a provocation to any practical issue.

It must be admitted that The O'DONOGHUE has chosen his course with admirable judgment. The representatives of Irish nationality have many great qualities as popular leaders. They are unabashed by ridicule, and wholly undismayed by adverse facts. They do not mind working in a hopeless minority, or proposing to their hearers as objects of effort enterprises that are as hopeful as the restoration of the Roman Empire. They exhibit a suppleness and elasticity of conscience under the shackles of Saxon oaths that can only have been attained by a long and persevering practice in the art of safe disloyalty. But there is one speck in their scutcheon—one joint in their harness. The followers in a nationality crusade are generally very tolerant as to the characters of their leaders; but the one qualification upon which they do insist is personal courage. And, unluckily, personal courage is just the weak point of the Irish demagogues. The far-famed cabbage-garden, the surrender of Castel-Fidardo, and Mr. MEAGHER's achievements in Van Diemen's Land and at Bull's Run, have left a cloud upon their reputation which it is of the last importance to them as a matter of policy to rub off. By the help of Sir ROBERT PEEL's imprudence, The O'DONOGHUE has been able to take a considerable step in this direction. The simple Celts of Tipperary will applaud his safe defiance as an act of heroism; and he may contrive to exist upon it for the rest of his political life. It will support his limited popularity in a condition of sufficient vitality to enable him to keep his name pretty constantly before the world; and when his useful career has closed, his bones may perhaps even attain the honour of being accompanied by ten thousand ragamuffins to the grave.

Whether or not he succeeds in perpetuating his influence over the finest peasantry in the world is not a matter of much practical importance. A great many inflated speeches, a slight check in the material prosperity of his country, and an abundance of entertaining scenes, are the only fruits which his frog-like imitations of O'CONNELL are likely to produce. But it is of importance that such incidents as that of Monday night should not furnish a precedent for similar exhibitions of the kind. It will be a serious impediment to public business, as well as a discredit to the

House of Commons, if Irish members should acquire the habit of using the IRISH SECRETARY as a block for refurbishing their tarnished fame. Those who bear in mind the exquisite freedom from bashfulness that adorns the Celtic character will be inclined to doubt whether the House of Commons acted with sufficient vigour in defence of the dignity of its own proceedings. Matters were so arranged that, so far as appearances went, the advantage remained on the side of The O'DONOGHUE. The apology exacted from him was of the scantiest kind; and he was allowed to preface it with insults of a far darker hue than the phrase at which, by a curious inversion of grammar, the Irishmen professed to take offence. On no other occasion would he have had a chance of uttering so many personalities, or of procuring so large an audience to listen to them. His antagonist, on the other hand, who, in a mere exchange of epithets, would be more than a match for the Celtic chief, was reduced to silence, and was compelled to listen with very uncongenial meekness. The lesson is hardly likely to be lost upon the Irishmen. They will all be anxious to be sharers in the envied privilege of insulting the CHIEF SECRETARY at discretion, and seeing him forced to submit quietly to the operation. Challenging Sir ROBERT PEEL will become one of the regular forms of the House for securing special freedom of debate, like moving that the House do resolve itself into a Committee. As soon as the challenge has been given, and the PRIME MINISTER has in due course called the attention of the House to the breach of its privileges, the challenging member will get up to apologize, and in so doing will expend his whole repertory of insulting sarcasms upon the CHIEF SECRETARY, amid the applause of a House delighted with the row, and the grim and reluctant silence of the subject of his attacks. This resuscitation of the defunct Donnybrook Fair within the walls of the palace of Westminster will not be a desirable reform in Parliamentary proceedings. The truth is that the time is passed when these offences should be decorously blinked, or visited with a perfunctory censure. Thirty years ago, the professions of deference to the privileges of their House which members were wont to utter were known to be an empty form. Members held themselves bound by a supposed code of honour, which no law and no privileges could supersede. In acting upon these views they only represented the dominant sentiment of the society from which they were drawn. But this is so no longer. It is one of the happiest conquests of the civilization of our day that this brutalizing contempt for human life has passed away. The whole system, with all its cold-blooded jargon and ferocious punctilio, has gone the way of the bloody penal code and the cruel sports which our forefathers cherished so fondly. The whole sentiment of society has undergone an absolute revolution. A jury would hardly be found now to withhold the verdict of wilful murder in the case of a man who should commit homicide upon another for the purpose of giving him "gentlemanly satisfaction." The change has even reached the military authorities of the Horse Guards, the penetration of whose pipe-clayed intellects is usually one of the last achievements of common sense. Surely it does not become the House of Commons to lag behind when the Horse Guards have gone before. They are no true representatives of the people if they treat even a proposal to revert to this atrocious practice as the subject for only a formal reprimand. The ancient wisdom that rules in the Treasury Bench and in the Chair was, no doubt, formed upon other maxims, and early imbued with a very different morality. But those who rule the House of Commons fatally misread the temper of their time, if they give the sanction of their approval or connivance even to a pretended renewal of a system which is now happily revolting and horrible to English feeling.

LICENSED TO DEAL IN VOTES.

THE rationale of our treatment of electoral corruption is one of those mysteries which perplex inquiry and defy comprehension. We threaten bribery with awfully severe penalties, which are never by any chance enforced, and we make it the subject of searching and elaborate investigations, conducted at an enormous cost, which regularly end in nothing. A bribery prosecution against individual culprits is safe to break down, and a Commission of inquiry into the corporate delinquencies of a borough is pretty certain to be followed, after a brief interval, by a full pardon to offenders who scarcely pretend to be penitent, and who are assuredly

unreformed. Once or twice in a quarter of a century, an extraordinarily gross case of wholesale and ingrained corruption may happen to be visited—if the peccant constituency is a very small one and has no friends—with the extreme penalty of total disfranchisement; but such instances as those of Sudbury and St. Albans are exceptions whose rarity proves the rule. After taking infinite pains to ascertain and record the fact that a particular borough makes an invariable practice of selling itself to the highest bidder, we give it free leave and license to go to market again as soon as it can find a purchaser. It seems as if Parliament took an insane satisfaction in collecting and registering the evidence of a corruption which it has no heart to punish and which it despairs of eradicating. We dress our salad with all the known appliances of culinary art and science, and then fling it out of the window.

There are Gloucester and Wakefield, for example, which have just been permitted, on the motion of an advanced Reformer and champion of the Ballot, to exercise anew the privilege which they have heretofore so scandalously abused. We have laboriously verified and put on record, in big blue-books, the fact that those boroughs are shamelessly corrupt, and, having done this, we start them in business again. The statistics of their rottenness are carefully digested, classified, and tabulated. There are so many voters who make a principle of selling their own votes, and there are so many who think it patriotic to buy other people's votes. The interesting circumstance that in one of these places 28 per cent. of the electoral body may be set down as inveterately tainted is authenticated with almost wearisome precision; and in the other we have accurate data of the market price which kittens, canary birds, and hair-brushes command at the periodical visits of the Man in the Moon. Having duly noted down these edifying particulars, and expended an adequate amount of conventional indignation on the detected culprits, we wipe out the whole score and tell them to begin again. Not a man of all these hundreds of offenders is either punished for the past, or incapacitated for future misdeeds. There is not the smallest pretence for thinking that those who sold their votes three years ago will not sell them again whenever they can meet with a buyer. Nothing has been done either to disable or to reform them. If they have been frightened by the temporary suspension of their writs, they now see that they were unreasonably frightened. They are not really a pin the worse for all that Parliament has said and done. A contest in 1862 is just as good for their purposes as a contest in 1861; for if they had been allowed to eat their cake last year, they would not have had it to eat this year. It is as broad as it is long. The suspension of a writ for a definite period long enough to cover a general election would be a real and tangible punishment, as it would involve an appreciable pecuniary loss to every proprietor of a saleable vote; but it is difficult to imagine a more purely nominal penalty than a brief interval of abstinence which merely postpones, without curtailing, the opportunities for illicit indulgence. Should it hereafter appear that the elections which have taken place this week have been in any degree conducted on different principles from those which governed the choice of Gloucester and Wakefield in 1859, the cause must be sought, by every rule of logic, not in the improved morality of the constituencies, but in the absence of speculators prepared to invest in their venality.

Perhaps the oddest thing in the Parliamentary treatment of corrupt boroughs is the inexplicable inconsistency with which writs are sternly refused at one time, and unhesitatingly granted at another time, by the same House of Commons and the same Government, without any intermediate change of circumstances to account for an altered line of proceeding. At the close of last session Gloucester and Wakefield applied for their writs, and their suit was peremptorily rejected, with every expression of virtuous indignation on the part of a PREMIER anxious to guard the purity of our electoral system. The application is renewed in the first month of this session, and is granted by universal consent. It is impossible to pretend that anything has happened in the interval to justify or explain the reversal in February of a decision which was taken in July on the very highest grounds of constitutional and moral principle. The offending constituencies are in no conceivable respect better now than they were then. Any possible deterrent or reformatory purpose which may be supposed to have been contemplated when the writs were withheld, is entirely defeated by the adoption of an opposite course under circumstances essentially the same. What

makes the mystery more perplexing still is, that the identical moral sentiments which found eloquent expression in July from the lips of more than one Minister are emphatically repeated in February, by way of preface to a diametrically contrary practical conclusion. Sir GEORGE GREY is as particular to explain now as the PREMIER was then, that the delinquent constituencies have not been properly punished for sins from which they are nevertheless freely absolved; and he discourses on the sacred constitutional trust which has been shamelessly violated by venal voters in language which it would do one's heart good to hear if there were the least chance that anything would come of it. He is not sure that the right thing would not be to strike the guilty boroughs, once for all, off the Parliamentary roll, and transfer their forfeited privileges to some worthier claimants; but, on the whole, he makes no objection to a leniency which he confesses to be altogether misplaced. Like some puzzle-headed police magistrate, he has a very great mind to pass a terrible sentence on an offender who has deserved the worst that the law can do against him; and forthwith he dismisses the lucky rogue with a friendly caution. It is hardly necessary to add that the HOME SECRETARY'S undue indulgence to the particular culprit actually in the dock is accompanied with threats of uncompromising severity against future and hypothetical transgressors.

It would be satisfactory to believe that some rational and practical mode of dealing with corrupt constituencies was likely to be decided upon by Parliament before another general election shall have yielded its periodical crop of public scandals. Experience does not, indeed, justify unqualified confidence in penal legislation for the repression of a traffic in which eager buyers meet willing sellers; yet something is due to decency, and a certain limited amount of good may be reasonably expected from any measure framed on intrinsically sound principles. As for penalties of tremendous severity against either individual or corporate offenders, we may as well dismiss them at once from serious consideration. When a virtuously indignant Minister threatens large and populous boroughs with possible disfranchisement, we know perfectly well what will come of it. "Depend upon it, sir, God will think twice before 'damning a man of your quality';" and depend upon it Parliament will think twice before passing sentence of political outlawry on "influential" constituencies. One suggestion, however, has been made which seems worth notice. The proposal of the Select Committee on the Corrupt Practices Act, that where a constituency has been found by a Royal Commission to be tainted with habitual and wide-spread corruption, the House of Commons should be empowered to suspend the writ for a fixed minimum term of five years, appears not entirely valueless. The punishment would be definite and real. It would not be liable to reversal at any moment by a capriciously indulgent Parliamentary majority. It would be a disgraceful punishment, appropriate to a disgraceful offence. Moreover, it would have a certain reformatory efficacy, inasmuch as there would be a chance of vicious habits being weakened by the prolonged absence of opportunity and temptation. We should be glad to think that a proposal reasonable in itself and respectably recommended was likely to find a place among the realized legislative products of the present session; but though Sir GEORGE GREY "hopes shortly to introduce" a Bill embodying this and other suggestions of the Committee, we unfortunately recollect that he entertained exactly the same hope a year ago. All things considered, we feel no confident assurance that any serious attempt will be made to surmount this *pons asinorum* between now and the next general election, or that we have yet seen the last of an imbecile trifling discreditable alike to public morality and to Constitutional Government.

THE DEBATE ON THE NAVY.

THE debate on the Navy Estimates was, as had been foreseen, of a much less exciting character than most naval discussions of late years. In claiming unbounded admiration for everything that the Admiralty had done or left undone, Lord CLARENCE PAGET was merely working off a little of the stock of popularity which has been so liberally accorded to his department for its unwonted energy on a recent occasion; and most of those who have been accustomed to watch narrowly and criticize sharply the proceedings of the wonderful old Board, evidently thought it prudent to let the complacency of the SECRETARY

to the ADMIRALTY have full swing until a more opportune season. Of course, it is in the highest degree illogical to set off a single act of efficiency against every blunder or omission which may be committed elsewhere; but neither the House of Commons nor any other assembly is under the dominion of pure reason, and it was a natural weakness to treat with indulgence a Board which had just surprised the world by doing its duty.

The most laudable sentiments may perhaps be carried too far, and the sort of claim which was set up for the Admiralty to be relieved, on the strength of the *Trent* affair, from all further scrutiny, would have been ludicrous if it had not been to some extent concurred in by the House. Without directly opposing the reappointment of the Committee of last session on Admiralty administration, the Government have evidently resolved to burk the investigation for which they professed to be so anxious when it could be used as a means of defeating measures of a more stringent kind. It is quite possible that these tactics may succeed (as Admiralty tactics generally do); for the Committee itself was so one-sided an affair that the advocates of inquiry are almost as ready to throw it over in disgust as the Government themselves can be to get rid of it. Yet we think it would be a mistake on the part of naval reformers to give up the game so soon. Even a Committee packed with officials is better than none, and it would be most unfortunate if the evidence were closed just when the case in favour of the Admiralty has been concluded. However little he might like his jury, no advocate with a good cause would throw up his brief after the evidence of his adversary alone had been heard. And this is very much the position in which the Admiralty inquiry rests. With very few exceptions, the witnesses whose evidence has been printed are all, officially or otherwise, enlisted on the Government side; and it was, we suppose we must say, a singular piece of good fortune which brought the long vacation to the relief of the accused department just when its difficulties were about to begin. But the Admiralty is always lucky, and it seems likely to bear its charmed life yet a little longer.

In spite of apparent defeats, naval reformers have much on which to congratulate themselves. It is true, the heart of the evil has not been reached; but let any one compare the action of the Board while under the stimulus of incessant criticism with its native torpor when left to itself, and he will see no reason to regard the pressure which has been applied as entirely wasted. What the country requires, and has a right to require, is a self-acting department for the management of the Navy; and though it has not yet secured that great desideratum, it has a Board which is not immovable when adequate force is applied from without. It is remarkable that the Admiralty never originates anything useful, and all the improvements of which Lord CLARENCE PAGET boasted have been forced upon it by unofficial critics. Still, they are real improvements; and though they afford not the slightest ground for placing confidence in the Board if ever public vigilance should slacken, they are not the less, as far as they go, so much clear gain to the country beyond what it could have reckoned on if it had quietly trusted to official zeal and judgment.

How to man the fleet has been till now the greatest of all naval difficulties; and though the problem may not yet be fully solved, the statement made by Lord CLARENCE PAGET is a far more satisfactory one than any of his predecessors have ever been able to present. Including Marines, there are 54,000 men afloat. These may be reinforced at any moment by more than 23,000 men and boys, comprising about 10,000 Marines, nearly as many seamen, and 3000 or 4000 able-bodied pensioners. Behind all these come the 10,000 Naval Volunteers—every one a picked man, and the whole body animated with a patriotic zeal for which they scarcely had credit until there seemed a chance of a brush with an enemy. As a last resource, there remain 8000 Coast Volunteers, who would probably be of some service in manning gunboats and the like, notwithstanding the conditions of their service, which render them useless for general purposes of defence or attack. Nor should it be forgotten that a valuable accession of strength has been secured by the enrolment of the cream of the officers of the merchant service among the Naval Volunteers, and that there appears to be a fair probability that the full muster-roll of the Reserve will be made up in the course of a few years. This is only one of many reforms which have been forced upon the Admiralty, and the credit of it is almost exclusively due to the Royal Commissioners who originated the plan.

The results which have been achieved in the ship-building department are almost equally satisfactory and equally independent of any merit of the Board. The history of the successful experiments which have been made with armour-plated ships is too well known to need repetition. It was in spite of the most unaccountable indifference and repugnance on the part of the Board that the first of our iron-sided ships was laid down, solely in consequence of the pressure brought to bear upon the Admiralty when it was known that France was rapidly creating a fleet with which none of our vessels were fit to cope. Whether the *Warrior* did or did not labour severely on her recent cruise is a matter which we may leave Lord CLARENCE PAGET and his opponents to settle among themselves; but it is at any rate a great triumph to have in the English navy a ship at once the fastest and the most formidable in the world, nearly, if not quite, proof against shot of ordinary weight, and capable of weathering without injury one of the most tremendous gales which have ever been experienced in the Bay of Biscay. Future ships may, and we hope will, be improvements on the first model, but enough has been done to prove the feasibility of the plan which the Admiralty persisted in rejecting until public opinion compelled it to move in the right direction.

In some of the changes which Lord CLARENCE PAGET brought before the notice of the House, the Board of Admiralty, it is true, may claim the credit of having acted on its own inspiration. The most important of these is the late reduction of the armament and the complement of many of our finest ships. Knowing as they did the mischief which had been done by a similar stroke of policy many years ago, it was not surprising that the most experienced officers in and out of Parliament should have protested against its repetition. The explanation offered was almost puerile. The guns, we are told, are removed because they are heavy, and the crews are reduced because they will be more comfortable when they are less crowded. If men-of-war were built for no other purpose than to sail, it might be a good reason for reducing their armament, or taking it away altogether, to say that they will sail better and strain less if they are relieved of the weight which they now have to carry. But the primary purpose of a man-of-war is to fight, and if the new ships of which we have been so proud are compelled to reduce their guns from 91 to 71 in the case of liners, and from 51 to 35 in the case of frigates, all that can be said is that they are unfortunate failures. No such necessity was really made out, or even alleged, and the new regulation can only be regarded as one of those pieces of unthrifty economy for which the Board has always been famous. The excuse for the reduction of the crews is even more idle. It is said that the men are unhealthy from overcrowding, but the real truth was allowed to escape in the promise that improved means of ventilation should be introduced between decks. This is the real and sufficient remedy, and the Admiralty may be sure that they will not enlist the sailors' feelings on their side by offering them, at the same time, more room to breathe and more work to do. The one set-off in the sailor's mind against the drill and discipline of a man-of-war is the abundance of hands; and if they are expected to go to sea with a short crew, they might as well remain in the merchant service, where, if fewer hands are employed, very much less is exacted from them. Perhaps the most satisfactory of all the facts mentioned by Lord CLARENCE PAGET is the steady reduction in the number of deserters; and it would be a grievous mistake to disturb the contentment which is being restored to the navy by a change which will at the same time diminish the efficiency of the fleet, and burden the seamen with more than their accustomed share of duty.

PARISH TROUBLES.

IN a very large proportion of English parishes there is a perpetual state of hot water. It seldom rises to boiling heat and ends in open explosion. It is only a gentle simmering heat, and peace and decorum are on the whole preserved. But still there are constant passages of arms. The clergyman and his favourite friends, the most active ladies and their friends, the busy men and their friends, all have their views, persuasions, and traditional rights, and it is scarcely possible that all should be harmony where there are so many interests to be respected, and so many different characters to be brought into play. In many parishes there is no open rupture, but there is always some question arising on which people differ. There is something wrong in the school, or there is something wrong in the decoration of the church, or some wrong hymn book is chosen, or the organ won't grind in the orthodox way. Any of these grievances is quite sufficient to start a parish war, and to call

out the finest feelings of parochial bitterness. The number of parishes in which this happens must not, indeed, be exaggerated. In many parishes there are no wars or commotions at all. A large portion of English parishes are purely agricultural, and in a very considerable fraction of agricultural parishes there is no squire. There are a few farmers who rule with a rod of iron a stationary population of labouring poor. The clergyman is accepted as part of the proper furniture and belongings of the village, and there his office ends. He cannot quarrel on small points, because there is no one to quarrel with him. If he gives offence, it must be on some grave matter, such as an attempt to protect the poor against their employers. But if he is a quiet man, and does not interfere in the business of his neighbours, he is left entirely to his own devices, and a parish trouble need not occur once in a quarter of a century. In many other parishes again, as in large towns and at some watering-places, the clergyman and his congregation make up a little clique who have everything their own way, and expend their fund of quarrelling power, not in internal dissensions, but in denouncing the external world, that will not go to the same meetings and read the same tracts and newspapers that they do. Even, however, after these deductions are made, there is a handsome residue of parishes where there are enough people on an equality to have independent opinions on parish matters, and who very properly try to establish the views which they wish to see prevail. It must be owned that the troubles that thus arise are some of the greatest of the minor nuisances of life. It is a terrible bore to have to listen to the complaints and cases of the disputants, and it is even worse to be forced by circumstances into taking an active part in the squabble. Standing aloof, however, is often impossible, and is at best ineffectual. The troubles must have their course, and we may as well look them in the face, and do our best to overcome them.

If these parochial dissensions turned only on matters of opinion, there would be nothing to be done. Nobody in parishes cares anything for arguments. The less said, the better generally are the chances of peace. But in parishes there is a great amount of necessary business to be got through. There must be a schoolmaster if the poor are to be taught at all, and he must be appointed and kept under inspection. The local charities must be managed in detail. There must be some tunes played on some musical instrument in church, and the church must be decorated, even although with nothing more than a few branches of holly. And it is generally these occasions of business that keep up the parochial agitation. The secret of parish troubles is that business has to be done by unbusinesslike people. The principal person to act must be the clergyman, and clergymen are notoriously deficient in businesslike habits. This is not to be wondered at. The very choice of their profession has very likely sprung from an early feeling of dislike to business, and an inaptitude for it. The boy does not feel so active, or so enterprising, or so methodical as his brothers, and so he asks to be allowed to go on reading his books, and to end in becoming a clergyman. Many, again, who have rather nobler motives for taking orders, are essentially impulsive in character. They feel strongly on religious points, but it is feeling without reflection. They gratify their desire for jumping quickly into doing good by entering on ministerial work. This sort of quick, impulsive character is eminently unbusinesslike. It sees parochial questions very strongly, so far as they touch on favourite opinions or personal authority, but it abhors the patient continuous elaboration of details. The clergyman is also, for the most part, without any practice in parish matters when he comes first to deal with them. As a curate, he has occupied too subordinate a place to have had responsibility or power. He has not been much more than a male young lady of good intentions. But an incumbent, directly he enters on his incumbency, has to settle practically a great variety of questions in a place that is strange to him. He suffers under his inexperience, and he suffers under the temptation to dogmatise and lay down the law, which is the common refuge of an unbusinesslike person, and which is peculiarly attractive to a man who feels that an official authority and prestige is the best bulwark between himself and an utter break-down. He therefore commits himself by random decisions, and if he is attacked, may very probably only persevere more and more in his own course. This gives rise to dissensions and angry feeling, and a fine crop of parish troubles is sown and reaped.

Even if things go on pretty smoothly, he finds that he must look for his chief supporters and coadjutors to women. In most parishes the ladies are exceedingly glad to make themselves useful, and to take a part in the clergyman's work. It satisfies their consciences, finds them a harmless vent for the exuberant activity of youth, and gives them a little importance and a right to attend public gatherings in a semi-official capacity. But in one point the clergyman usually finds that his helpers cannot help him. They have no more turn for business than he has, and no more practice in it. Like him, they have been accustomed to rely on others for the administration of the larger concerns of life, and, like him, they suffer under the consequent fear that everybody is going to cheat them. They also, like him, are indifferent to the value of time; and for the same reason. They only wish to be doing good, and therefore it is a matter of indifference how the time spent in doing good is spent. A clergyman will often take an hour to explain a point that a layman could explain in five minutes, and the simple reason is, that it is no object to the clergyman to get to the end of his explanation. He is doing his work all the time he is explaining, and this contents him. Women, however, have some good business qualities, which ought to be taken into consideration. They are generally honest, and cautious, and accurate in money

matters, and like keeping accounts. They thus act as a check upon the clergyman in a most useful way in small matters. They make him do his little sums, and they make him do them right. But then they introduce a set of complications into parish disputes which are purely their own. Practically, almost all incumbents are married, and if there is a clergyman there is also a clergyman's wife. The ladies could stand being under a man, but in parish matters they are not only under a man but under a lady also. There are thus combustible materials always at hand for a good, polite, bitter, stand-up faction fight of women; and if the quarrel is made on religious grounds, there is no knowing when or where it will end.

We must, however, observe that the spectator of parish troubles can find some grains of consolation in what he sees. In the first place, all this lively feeling shows that people are alive. It shows that at any rate all differences are not hushed in a common atmosphere of dulness, and that disputes are not avoided simply by the clergyman and his parishioners tacitly agreeing never to enter on any religious topic that can interest, or please, or agitate any one. It is also much better that there should be a little commotion arising from honest differences than that all should be harmony because the clergyman is idolised, and his admirers have agreed that their pet shall be humoured in everything. In the first place, such a state of things is morally bad and intellectually deplorable. There is an end of all liberty of judgment when society insists that a favourite preacher should be listened to as if he were reading his sermon off palm-leaves brought by an angel. And in the next place, there is no hope in such a society of escaping clerical "shop," whereas, in parishes where there is a little diversity of opinion, the subjects of difference are often avoided in conversation for the sake of politeness and peace. It ought also to be seriously considered that, when we say clergymen are unbusinesslike, this trait of character is often the direct result of qualities that we most wish to see a clergyman possess. To be businesslike is very frequently to be unscrupulous. It is not that the man of business thrusts aside scruples which he feels ought to prevail, but he does not allow scruples to grow up more plentifully than is absolutely necessary. To know how or when to accept compromises is one of the most necessary arts of business; but compromises are frequently, if not always, the fruit of a doubt whether the thing compromised is of overwhelming importance. It is very worldly wise to feel and express this doubt about many things, but a clergyman seems bound more than any other man to stand up for the paramount importance of the things he contends for, and we may perhaps sometimes pardon an obstinacy that is eminently unbusinesslike, in consideration of the good lesson that it reads us of adhering firmly to opinions on great subjects.

The troubles that agitate so many parishes, and the characters who originate and take part in them, explain to us why a particular kind of clergyman is so much valued and respected, and so assiduously promoted far beyond what his merits seem at first to justify. A clergyman who is a man of business is at a great premium. It saves so very much trouble to everyone, and especially to rich and idle men, when there are no interruptions to parochial harmony, because the clergyman deals with his work in a workmanlike way. The opinions of one man are apt to appear to those who can settle social rank pretty nearly as good as those of another. We cannot expect ordinary clergymen to be philosophers or theologians; and if they are not, their opinions on philosophy and theology are chiefly important to themselves. But the way in which they hold their opinions, the degree of tact and delicacy with which they announce them, and the allowance they make for other people, are of the greatest daily consequence to those who live in the same neighbourhood. The relations of life between the rich and the poor, and between the different families of a parish, are greatly simplified if there is always at hand a man who is exact in accounts, ready with the right word, patient in routine work, foreseeing as to the tastes and wishes of others, and punctual as a clock. No wonder such a man is promoted. He may not be learned, or may not have anything new to say, or may not preach in the language of a party, but he saves a great deal of annoyance and renders a great deal of assistance to the class of persons whose recommendation secures the prizes of life. Tact at first sight seems rather a poor recommendation for a Christian bishop; but when we come to examine into the matter, we often find that tact in the bishop means peace in the diocese; and an industrious, respectable peace-maker is reasonably thought worth having at almost any price.

DISCOVERIES IN THE SWISS LAKES.

IT is rather strange that the surprising archaeological discoveries made of late years in the Swiss Lakes should be all but unknown in this country. The marvels of tropical Africa would appear to be more familiar to us than the wonders of the Lakes of Zurich and Constance; and people who are positively excited on the question of the exact relationship of the gorilla to the human race seem ignorant or careless of the fact that more evidence has been collected in the centre of Europe, during the last nine or ten years, respecting the most ancient condition of mankind than was ever suspected to exist or dreamed of before. The peculiar isolation of Switzerland has, perhaps, a great deal to do with the singular want of curiosity on the subject that prevails throughout Europe. The Swiss themselves are loud in their complaints that, while their country is yearly traversed from end to end by foreigners, and while not even

the ice and snow on their mountain-peaks are left unexplored, their literature, their political state, and their social condition create less interest than those of the smallest German principality. It is at all events true that the wonderful additions to archaeological knowledge to which we are about to call attention remain a secret to all but a small circle, and a paper on the subject, which has recently appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, probably gives them their first chance of European celebrity.

The peasants who dwell on the shores of the Lakes of Switzerland had often stated that, at a short distance from the land, rows of stakes might be seen through the water, emerging from the mud of the bed. No interest was, however, attracted to this phenomenon till about eight years since. At the end of 1853, the waters of the Lake of Zurich sank considerably, and the thrifty proprietors of land on the bank proceeded at once to add to their estates the portion of the lake-bed left bare, by constructing permanent dykes against the return of the water. While these works were being carried on, a row, or rather a system, of stakes was discovered at some little depth below the surface. Excavations were begun at this spot, and the result was to disinter a great variety of objects which proved that a large number of human beings had once had their dwellings supported over the water by the stakes. Curiosity having been once aroused, researches were prosecuted not only at Obemellen, where the first discovery was made, but all over Switzerland. It was gradually established that the mud near the shore of almost every single Swiss lake supplied similar evidence. At some primeval period a population of very considerable density was shown to have lived in huts constructed on stages which rested on wooden supports driven into the bed, just as the Malays in Borneo and the Siamese at Bangkok may be seen living to this day. A wonderful number of articles pertaining to the daily life of these forgotten races have been brought to light. In some places, the materials of the dwellings have been preserved in the mud—the floor of hardened earth and the twisted branches and bark which formed the walls. Arms have been discovered in great quantities, tools from saws in flint to needles in bone, ornaments, children's toys, the remains of stored-up fruits of various kinds—nay even a cellar or receptacle full of corn, and a loaf of bread composed of bruised grain, and preserved by carbonization. By the side of these relics are found the bones of the animals whom they slew in the chase, many belonging to species extinct before the rise of history or barely mentioned in it. The urus, the bison, the elk, and the beaver, furnished them with food and with the materials for some of their most ingeniously constructed utensils. So plentiful and perfect are the remains found in the Lakes that much more has been learned concerning the daily life and manners of men whose existence was not suspected ten years ago, than is known of races which have left a famous name in history or tradition.

It is no doubt startling at first sight that these archaeological treasures should have been preserved in water rather than on land. But, now that the mud has given up its contents, it is not difficult for us to understand the service it has rendered. The truth is that the causes which help to conceal from us the monuments of our predecessors operate with far greater energy on land than in water such as fills the Swiss Lakes. The reason why the relics of former generations are comparatively scarce is not that they are destroyed so much as that they are buried. Rubbish and dust are, in short, the great obscurers of the past. When successive generations continue to inhabit the same spot, each buries not only the bodies but the whole life of its predecessors. Rome is built on countless strata composed of former cities, and not a few destroyed Londons support the London of the present moment. Even when a town or village is once for all deserted, the process of destruction is rapid. Rain and wind level the walls, dust is whirled into the hollows, buildings melt together, and nothing but a protuberance on the plain remains to mark the site of a Babylon or a Nineveh. If, then, this is the fate of cities built in stone or brick, it ceases to be wonderful that monuments of the older races who made their dwellings of wood, or, still earlier, of wattled branches, should have altogether disappeared on land. The interest of the Swiss discoveries arises from the mitigation, in this particular instance, of the destroying forces. The materials and contents of the huts doubtless sank into the lake from the piles on which they rested, and lay on the bottom in an undistinguishable heap. The belief, indeed, of the Swiss antiquaries is that they were violently destroyed at various epochs. But the water into which they fell was still and calm. It did not wash them away, but year after year deposited over them a coat of mud, infinitely thinner and softer than the layers of rubbish which cover the memorials of a later time. The bed of each of these Lakes is known, in fact, from independent observations to be slowly rising; and, since the recent discoveries, attempts have been made to calculate the rate of its elevation, so as to derive approximately the age of the remains from the depth at which they are found. Some fragments of a Roman construction in the lake at Yverdon, of which the date is known, have supplied the basis of a calculation which has carried back the existence of the most ancient inhabitants of Switzerland to fifteen centuries at the least before the Christian era.

The Swiss antiquaries would not be men of their day if they had not constructed a minute and detailed history of the race they have unburied. Their pursuits, their religions, and their revolutions are boldly described by their discoverers. Soberer inquirers will limit considerably the number of inferences which may be drawn from the remains. These extinct populations may be believed to

have been partly agricultural, but their chief subsistence was derived no doubt from hunting. They had some regular industrial pursuits, for fragments of rude pottery have been found on several sites. That they were engaged in perpetual war is tolerably certain from the quantity of weapons found, and from the very circumstance of their securing themselves from surprise by building their villages on piles in the water. Certain of the monuments seem to have had a religious character, and to betoken some kind of religious belief. As to their history, the only evidence for creating it is identical with that which enables us to infer a certain progress among all the primeval races of Europe. Among the extinct populations of Switzerland, as in those of other parts of Europe, there was an age of flint, an age of bronze, and an age of iron. In certain villages, situated chiefly in Eastern Switzerland, all the utensils are of flint, fashioned by observing the natural cleavage, and the wood used bears the marks of the rude tools which had been long and painfully employed in cutting it. Other sites contain articles of bronze, and the pottery here found is less rude than that discovered among the population of the age of flint; it even presents some traces of a rough ornamentation. The plentifulness of bronze at such a time and in this part of Europe is not a little curious. Both the tin and the copper which compose it must have been brought from a great distance, and their presence singularly confirms Sir G. C. Lewis's theory of the antiquity of the overland trade from Britain through Gaul, more particularly as ornaments of coral and amber are found in villages of the same apparent age. The last of the eras indicated is that of iron. Ancient tools and other articles of iron are abundant in Western Switzerland, and exactly resemble those found in Gaul.

There is a fair probability that the three ages succeeded each other in the order in which they are usually placed. It is likely that human skill was first exercised on stone, and more than probable that the metals earliest used were copper and tin, both of which are distinguished for the ease with which they are obtained, particularly until the surface supply is exhausted. The difficulty arising from the fact of their being found in very few localities is diminished when the antiquity of the trade in them is assumed on independent grounds. The uses of iron, the most widely diffused but the hardest to work of the metals, might be expected to be last of all discovered by mankind. The heroes of Homer, for instance, lived chiefly in the age of bronze, but had hardly entered on that of iron. Whether, so far as the Swiss races are concerned, the three eras succeeded each other abruptly, or melted gradually into one another, is a question which there is little or no evidence to decide. The antiquaries of Switzerland insist that they can trace two great revolutions. The men of bronze suddenly invaded the country and extirpated the men of flint, to be afterwards in their turn extinguished by the men of iron. No doubt most of the villages were violently destroyed when they ceased to be inhabited, but why attribute to enemies with iron weapons what may quite as well have been done by foes armed with flint? In justice, however, to the Swiss theory, it must be added that the men of iron appear from their instruments to have been a Celtic race from Gaul, and from the size of their ornaments to have possessed larger and stronger frames than the earlier populations. As the Helvetians of history are known to have been a Celtic race, they may have been the invaders in question, who, after extirpating an aboriginal people, may have continued to occupy the country down to Roman times.

CONTEMPT.

THERE is a good deal in the tone and manners of our day to foster a habit of quiet, passive contempt. In simpler states of society, the man who values himself highly has little scruple in confessing as much. Savages have no more reticence in parading their good points than peacocks. We know that even the Anglo-Saxon, when removed from the restraints of refined cultivation, can expatiate on his own merits with perfectly unqualified, unblushing complacency. American writers themselves are the first to acknowledge this as a characteristic of their remote outlying social life. There, men extol themselves in all the simplicity of an ignorance which knows nothing higher or better, and are frankly astonished at their own successes. Nobody is thought the worse of for praising himself; and where this is the case, whether in England or in the backwoods, we shall not find the practice out of favour or out of date. But among ourselves it is out of date. A man cannot puff himself off with impunity—without, in fact, being taken for a fool; and, therefore, if he have ordinary capacity, he keeps within bounds. But not the less must the thought of the heart find some outlet. Men draw wide distinctions between pride and vanity, but both have at least this in common—they like to feel and to be acknowledged *first*; and both agree, not only in the craving for pre-eminence, but in the instinct to gain their end by a side wind—to boast themselves by implication, if circumstances will not permit the more agreeable incense of positive praise and adulation. This resource evidently lies in detraction—not spoken, not even conscious detraction, but a process of disparagement, by which, without any visible, active self-exaltation, the mind may keep uppermost in its own estimation. It is not possible, Clarendon observes, to overvalue ourselves without undervaluing our neighbours—which he calls contempt. Contempt, then, in some form, is the necessary accompaniment of self-conceit. This is self-evident on reflection, though not always apparent. A man may be vain without being in manner contemptuous,

and may indulge in a habit of general contempt towards others, when we do not think of him in connection with either pride or vanity. Nor is he necessarily vain for himself. A vicarious vanity belongs to all hero-worship. All people who have an idol are contemptuous; it is, indeed, a necessary part of their cultus. In either case, a man may be very far gone in contempt without being conscious of it himself, or committing any strong overt act offensive to the people about him; for, in its passive state, it is a mere practice of depreciation, and is taken for sensitiveness or a fastidious taste. It is only now and then that a glimpse into motives discovers to us how much contempt there is in the world. We may live in intimate relations with people and only casually discover it. We may be acquainted with two sets, and some chance may first make us aware of the contempt in which each holds the other. Indeed, there is this poetical justice to console the observer—the sentiment is seldom all on one side. We are sometimes taken by surprise at the amount of scorn and superciliousness which lurks under the most demure and seemingly unpretending exterior. It would not be comfortable to the most philosophical of us to know the tone of disparagement with which we are treated—the estimate at which our pretensions are rated—in certain quarters; and yet, if contempt is so common a habit of thought, all must fall more or less under it. There are natures with which we infallibly come in collision, so that they are driven in a certain self-defence to look upon our weak points, and take their stand upon them. We are told “not to take heed to all words that are spoken, lest we hear our servant curse us.” We suspect that what is sometimes loftily spoken of as “withering scorn” is the “curse” here intended, especially as it is taken for granted that we likewise oftentimes curse others, and few persons’ consciences can be quite clear on the point before us.

There are minds, belonging to respectable good sort of people too, so eaten into by this exclusiveness that they do not, at the bottom of their hearts, attribute to nine-tenths of the people with whom they come in casual contact the same nature as themselves, the same affections and passions. It needs to be admitted to the honour of their friendship and esteem to possess either head or heart. A great deal that passes for goodness and even self-denial in the world has this passive form of contempt at its root. There is a tacit assumption that nothing good can be got out of people not included in a certain circle, sect, or party—that of course their pursuits are frivolous, their aims mean, their conversation empty, their interests unworthy. Under a profession of humility, there is the notion that in intercourse all the gain and benefit must necessarily be on one, that is, on their side—that they must impart all, and can hope to receive nothing good. This is the state of mind engendered by every form of exclusiveness, whether religious or social. It indefinitely restricts those natural bounds by which all intercourse must be ordered and limited. It is often called fastidiousness, but in fact the poor have as much of it as their betters, and decent people contract habits of sour seclusion from the same persuasion that their own company is the only safe company they can indulge in. There are people of every rank who, as a matter of course, have a contempt for all people they do not know; just as the Dodson family despised all who were not Dodsons. They have fallen into a habit of regarding themselves as fountains of honour. To be out of their range is to be “these people” and “those people,” the “good folks,” the “wiseacres,” the “gossips” of their neighbourhood. It is amazing the narrowness, the dulness, the utter vacuity which can gather self-consequence and feed its importance by this contemptuous mode of grouping and classifying the world outside itself; and yet, in a modified degree, this must be recognised as so common a habit of mind that we are convinced there is no rarer, as there is no more amiable and candid quality, than habitual justice to the motives of people not in our own set, and not subject to our influences.

Contempt may well be a common failing, for it is the easiest and most attainable form of self-assertion. If we seek for instances, we are perhaps driven to witty or weighty examples, because such contempters can give a poignancy and force to the expression of their sentiments. We think of Gray pronouncing his own University, where he chose to spend his days, “a joy of wild asses”—or of Johnson, in dispute with an antagonist whom he considered beneath him, “withdrawing his attention to think of Tom Thumb”—or of Pope’s “dunces” and “fools,” or Warburton’s “wretches” and “crews of scoundrels;” but, in fact, contempt can exist as vigorously without the pretence of brilliant and intoxicating qualities. Mr. Gedge, the landlord of the Royal Oak, could pronounce all the people he knew, “big and little, a poor lot”—could “say it often, and say it again,” without being ever compelled to prove his own superiority to the people he despised. It was enough that he had an ideal. Indeed, as contempt is avowedly an act of opinion and judgment, it often flourishes most where there is no chance of being challenged to do better, and so of shaming the ideal. Beggars are proverbially proud, for this very reason—they have an ideal for every station and every duty of civilized life, and are never called on to act out one of them. In the same way negroes are represented as supercilious. They have no social status apart from their masters. A white skin, then, is their ideal; they are contemptuous on quadroons as being “neither white nor black”—mere pretenders, as it were. It may be noted that nobody is so critical of dinners as the man that never gives them. With what weight he comes down on *entrées* and wines! How pure and fastidious his ideal on every point of order and arrangement! There is consolation, no doubt, in criticism of this character; for the time it equalizes distinctions. Our mind is above our fortunes. It is a

great thing to know what is what—to be on a level with the man we despise, if not even above him for the time being. What a solace to despair would poor discarded Brummel find, for the instant, in reducing his lost ally the Regent to the mere impersonation of obesity—"Who is your fat friend?" The death of rich or great men often awakes the same sort of feeling. For once the living dog is master of the position and enjoys a triumph. When the young blood announced at his coffee-house the demise of the Grand Monarque, "So the old prig is dead at last," the airy familiarity was veiled contempt. He was inflated with more than a sense of equality. Death had placed him uppermost.

We have taken this side of our subject first, and regarded contempt in its passive and least intelligent aspect, because certainly learning, study of character, and mixing with mankind tend to allay and moderate it; but no doubt contempt is quite at home in its more recognised sphere, when backed and prompted by acknowledged superiority, and with seeming right on its side. It would not be easy to match from any age of the world, or any station of society, learned or ignorant, Mr. Ruskin's habitual contempt for all persons and things that contradict his views. It is headlong, monstrous, scarcely reconcilable with the possession of reason, and yet Mr. Ruskin has a wide knowledge of his own peculiar subjects, and might have been in his own line a great authority. But then he has acted on the assumption that success in one pursuit qualifies him to judge of all pursuits and all lines of thought. He has thought that study of art, of Turner's pictures, of nature, constituted him a judge, as well of all painters, as of every human need, character, and action. The conclusion he appears to have come to is that the man who does not see all things with his eyes is wicked and stupid, a liar, and a fool. This is contempt in its most rabid form. Thus, though his knowledge is great, it is ignorance which has misled him into the frenzies which we regret; and we think all misplaced contempt is to be traced to the same cause—partial ignorance. Few recognised pursuits amongst men will cause contempt if we give ourselves the trouble to consider them attentively. But this, clever men intent on their one hobby are as little ready to do as the most circumscribed intellect. All have some vein of Touchstone in them. When they survey something not in their way, in another world than theirs, they are ready to plume themselves on their want of sympathy as a sort of distinction, and to find it meat and drink to see a fool. Thus, severely practical minds enjoy their contempt for every effort of imagination. People who cannot see a joke have a contempt for fun. We have heard an artist merrily enlarge on the utter folly of the study of language. Swift condensed all that can be thought and said about music into the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Addison treats as a sort of drivelling the minute researches of the naturalist. Fifty years ago, half the world was contemptuous on science, and vast numbers now despise classical learning as if it were a very clever and original thing to despise it. In one and all these instances we feel that only knowledge is wanting for the feeling to evaporate. There is one motive for contempt, however, on which the dull have it all their own way. There are people who not only despise any given form or pursuit of the intellect as perhaps we all do, but who have a contempt for active thought and all its results as such—as if it were an inferior thing to write books, to know things, to think at all. They regard themselves as the Hindoos do their Supreme God—as something above the vulgar processes of thought and action.

The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more.

Analysed, studied, looked in the face, it becomes a wonder that contempt should be so potent a thing as it is. The poet tells us that—

He who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy.

We ought, then, to despise the contemner as betraying defect and deficiency in the very act. But in truth it is an effort of independence which few can reach to disregard the dictum of what seems deliberate weighty disparagement from any quarter whatever. Certainly there is a contempt justly terrible. The most confident and defiant would shrink from such scorn as Dante in the very sublime of contempt bestowed, for all comment, on the weak and pusillanimous band who had lived only for themselves:—

Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.

But it is neither the contempt of goodness nor of intellect which men most dread. It is when it is vague, undefinable, neither to be got at nor propitiated, a mere fear and shadow, that it is the greatest bugbear—the contempt of society or of the world for something, we know not what, and expressed or entertained by people whom, in their individual separate capacity, we may really rather look down upon. The sort of fear people are prone to have of servants illustrates, while it is an evidence of, this dependent and abject state of mind. Now, as servants are our fellow-mortals, they may be as worthy of the distinction of our fear as any one else; but the proverbial dread of falling in the opinion of a butler and incurring his contempt, has nothing whatever to do with the great doctrine of inherent equality. It is the sneaking part of a man that here suffers, that quails under the notion that something is done to him which he can never know, from which there is no appeal. It is the closed doors of the servants' hall that invest the voice of opinion there in such terrors. Still, it has its grounds, and the very fear may work out its

fulfilment. In externals, servants are very likely to be correct judges. They have an instinct as to who has lived in habits of command. They respect those who show by some nameless freemasonry that they are used to be attended upon, that the service of inferiors is part of their heritage. They have a nice though unconscious discernment of self-respect, and know at once where it resides. They like a man who asserts himself without bluster or assumption—they are judges of the particular qualities which affect their intercourse. To be afraid of a butler is, then, to have a misgiving whether we are quite the thing. The man who fears such contempt should take home the humiliating lesson, and regard it as a revelation of something wanting in himself. And so of all contempt—either it is deserved or it is not. There is a remedy in either case, though we admit that our feelings cannot really be settled by square and rule as easily as this argument seems to imply.

No doubt, contempt has its charm where it procures a monopoly of regard. But this is but a narrow, ignoble satisfaction. A man much engaged in important concerns, who has to act with a variety of characters, tempers, and to clash with none, must not be contemptuous. If he have disdain in his disposition, he must suppress it at whatever effort. But what an advantage over others he has who, by nature or from an enlarged interest in human affairs, from caring for what others care for, is actually free from it, and can put himself in the place of the people he acts with frankly and unaffectedly. He finds a common ground in the midst of all differences of training or station, and thus feels the social link which it is the work of contempt at once to ignore and to break.

GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

THERE seems to be a palpable obscurity about the geography and history of the two chief commercial ports of the West of England. No one, even of those who might be supposed most bound to know all about them, seems exactly to know where they are or what has happened at them either quite lately or a long time ago. Mr. Berkeley, who is member for one of them, made some curious discoveries when moving the issue of a writ to the other, and the comments of the *Times* upon Mr. Berkeley's discoveries were almost more curious than the discoveries themselves. One would have thought that both Bristol and Gloucester were quite big enough to be seen, and yet but few people seem to have any clear notions of their whereabouts. We grant that the political geography of Bristol is puzzling. The city is physically partly in Somersetshire and partly in Gloucestershire, while it really belongs to neither, but is a county of itself. Its connexion with the peerage is somewhat singular. It gives a title to a Marquis whom we never heard of as locally interested in the place—also to Lord Fitzhardinge of Bristol, whom we should have rather described as "of Berkeley,"—and to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who is distinguished from other peers by the peculiarity of taking his title from a church. But the ecclesiastical geography was, till very lately, the strangest thing of all. There was a Bishop of Bristol, but one part of the city lay in the diocese of Gloucester, and another in that of Bath and Wells, while the greater portion of the Bristol shepherd's own flock consisted of the distant inhabitants of Dorsetshire. That people should err in so complicated an artificial topography, we do not wonder. It is not quite so clear why the world at large believes Bristol to stand on the Severn. That is a mere question of eyes, which a journey by the Great Western or a glance at the map of England might settle at once. Perhaps people lightly assume that Bristol must lie nearer than it does to its own Channel. Perhaps the error arises from the extensive claims of the city over what may be called, in a wide sense, the Severn navigation. Certain it is that the ordinary Englishman firmly believes Bristol to be on the Severn—a belief which we have sometimes found balanced by a conviction that Gloucester stands on the Avon. This last blunder, indeed, has the merit of ambiguity; the confusion may be either with Bristol or with Tewkesbury; the Avon meant may be either the Avon of Shakspeare or the Avon of Chatterton. We fear that this curious belief reaches very high in the political world. When Lord Palmerston made his famous metaphor about the Exe running up to Tiverton, Mr. Cardwell drew a picture of other and greater rivers imitating the exploit. The Mersey was to run up to Liverpool, and the Severn was to run up to Bristol. The Severn running up to Bristol would really be a fine sight. We should enjoy looking down upon it from St. Vincent's Rocks; but we had rather not be on any of the bridges of the city just at that moment. We acquit Mr. Berkeley of holding this geographical heresy, but even he uses language which may easily lead astray the unlearned. When he told the House of Commons that Gloucester was "the second port on that great river the Severn," he clearly implied that his own city of Bristol was the first. Mr. Berkeley doubtless only meant that Bristol was, as it undoubtedly is, a Severn port in the wide sense of the words; but we feel sure that the House in general, the north-country members, the eastern-counties members, and the metropolitan members, were only the more strengthened in their belief that Bristol truly and physically stands on the river coupled with it by its own representative. We cannot help suspecting that the *Times* itself, when it copied down Mr. Berkeley's words, took them in this sense; or rather it would seem that the *Times* believes Gloucester and Bristol to be one and the same city. Burke, as all the world knows, was, during part of his political life, member for Bristol. On

one occasion he wrote a letter to the sheriffs of Bristol — Bristol now, we may add, has only one sheriff, but dignity makes up for number, and he is called a high sheriff — and this letter to the sheriffs of Bristol is a document not uncommonly quoted by the historians of the reign of George the Third. Mr. Berkeley quotes a passage from that letter, which does not give the very best character of the Bristol electors. But it is all about Bristol, and does not contain a word about the electors of any other place. The *Times*, professing to quote Mr. Berkeley, first turns Burke's famous letter into "one of his speeches," and then goes on to talk about "Mr. Burke's relations with Gloucester," and "the applications which Mr. Burke had to forward from Gloucester." It then adds, rather oracularly, that "the case of Gloucester does not depend upon history," and finally complains that the Gloucester freemen "care nothing about Burke or the Sublime or the Beautiful." It is a painful alternative; but it is clear either that the *Times* is ignorant of the commonest facts in the life of Burke, or else that it thinks that the names Gloucester and Bristol are synonymous words, which may be used indiscriminately for one another.

When Mr. Berkeley and the *Times* get a little further back than the days of Burke, it is hard to say which is the funnier, the orator or his commentator. The powers of the *Times* in the historical line we need not descant on; those of Mr. Berkeley are very much of the same order. We remember how, in one of his yearly speeches, he quoted the appointment of St. Matthias to the Apostleship as a Scriptural precedent for vote by ballot. Now the case of Matthias might possibly justify the Athenian custom of appointing archons by lot; but it is hard to see how it proves anything either way as to the modern question of open or secret voting. Mr. Berkeley's more recent researches have been transferred from the Acts of the Apostles to "a document in the British Museum" — a description which, to an ordinary scholar, is somewhat vague. The "document" is a sort of protest against the exclusion of certain members of Parliament from their seats "since December, 1648." The constituents of these members "desire their restoration," and declare that they will pay no taxes till they are restored. The date "since December, 1648," evidently shows that the reference is to the exclusion of various members by the famous "Pride's Purge." The members mentioned are five, "Nathaniel Stephens, Esq., Sir John Seymour, Edward Stephens, Esq., John Stephens, Esq., and the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Fairfax." Till we see the "document in the British Museum," we cannot make out how Lord Fairfax got into this company; as yet we only know what Mr. Berkeley tells us. Mr. Berkeley asks what precedent there is for withholding a writ from Gloucester:—

He could find but one, and that precedent he thought they ought ashamed of. He found that the writs for the city and for the county of Gloucester were withheld in the Rump Parliament. They were withheld in 1648 — the year before the decapitation of Charles I. Well, at that time five members for the county — the House would remember that at that time counties had more members than at the present moment — and two for the city were refused seats in that House. Now, there was no charge, then, against either city or county of malversation of franchise; it was a whim of the Rump Parliament, whose eccentricities the House was well aware went to a great length, to say nothing of their passing a Bill to expel the Lords from their House. But did the county or the city of Gloucester sit easy under that infliction? They did not; they held meetings, they issued strong remonstrances; they said, "You have no right to inflict upon us taxation without representation;" and they went further and said, "Unless you reinstate our members we will no longer pay taxes, nor will we obey the laws which you make."

The extract from the document is as follows:—

That after great sufferings and trials, the vast expense of treasure and blood for our rights and liberties and privileges of Parliament, such persons in whom we have already lodged our trusts and who have sufficiently manifested their endeavours to perform the same — namely, Nathaniel Stephens, Esq., Sir John Seymour, Edward Stephens, Esq., John Stephens, Esq., and the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Fairfax — have been since December, 1648, and still are, denied the freedom of sitting and voting in Parliament. The restoration of which members we desire with all freedom to their former capacity, and declare that we shall not otherwise consent to pay tax or other impositions, or hold ourselves bound by any law to be made without the restitution of these our representatives, with a supply of all vacancies, by a free election according to the fundamental laws and constitutions of this nation, it being the undoubted birth-right of all the freeborn people of England that no tax or other imposition be exacted from them but by their representatives in a full and free Parliament.

There is nothing here about withholding a writ from Gloucester. In fact, we have only Mr. Berkeley's authority for the protest coming from Gloucester or Gloucestershire at all. Nathaniel Stephens was indeed member for Gloucestershire, and Edward Stephens for Cirencester. But we cannot, without seeing the document, identify the other members with Gloucestershire at all, still less with the city of Gloucester. But, anyhow, Mr. Berkeley's arithmetic is odd. "Five members for the county and two for the city" would make seven, and we can count only five, even reckoning in the mysterious apparition of Lord Fairfax. "Five members for the county," Mr. Berkeley clearly thought, would puzzle his hearers; so he adds, "the House would remember that at that time counties had more members than at the present moment." We can only suppose that "at the present moment," when Mr. Berkeley was speaking, most of the knights of the shire had left the House. If "the present moment" means generally the year 1862, we really cannot follow Mr. Berkeley's figures. As near as we can reckon, the number of county members for England and Wales is now a little more than double what it was in the Long Parliament. It then was 88; it now is, we believe, 180.

Then, no county returned above two members. The great majority of counties now return three, four, five, or six. But, whether Gloucester and Gloucestershire had one member or twenty, they do not complain of being refused a writ to elect members, but of the members whom they had elected, and who had sat for years in the House, being at last excluded from their seats. The "supply of all vacancies" clearly refers to the members for other places, and not to their own. Now really the present House has neither undergone a Pride's Purge, nor has it expelled a single member. What the parallel is between the exclusion of the Gloucester members in 1648 and the refusal of a writ to Gloucester in 1859 we cannot in the least understand.

But, wonderful as Mr. Berkeley is, his commentator in the *Times* is more wonderful still. Mr. Berkeley, at least, knew that the exclusion happened before the beheading of Charles the First; but the *Times* places the whole thing after it. Mr. Berkeley confounded the exclusion of the members with the refusal of a writ. The *Times* goes a step further, and invents a "disfranchisement" of Gloucester, considered by the Rump to be "one of their first duties." Mr. Berkeley thought, as we do, that the protest was spirited and constitutional. The *Times*, very mysteriously, sees in it "promises of amendment." Altogether the *Times* has a much higher opinion of the Rump than Mr. Berkeley has. Mr. Berkeley accuses it of "whims" and "eccentricities." The *Times* seems to think it would do nothing without "sufficient reasons." The whole passage is worth quoting, as a companion to Mr. Berkeley and his document:—

It appears that in the general reform which followed the decapitation of Charles I. the Rump Parliament considered it one of their first duties to disfranchise Gloucester, no doubt for what they thought sufficient reasons. Mr. Berkeley has found in the British Museum the plea of the disfranchised for their readmission, and it certainly is very appropriate to the present question, except that promises of amendment lose their force by repetition.

That the *Times* is very brilliant and facetious on the whole matter we need not say. We have much fine talk about "the fallen stars of the Parliamentary firmament," about "black spots on the electoral galaxy," about "extinct volcanoes," about "cities buried under cinders or drowned twenty fathoms deep." We have a picture of "the genius of Gloucester in tears," of "Sabrina sitting like Patience on a monument," of Gloucester "Cathedral hung with black," of "the Slough of Despond," of "that hungry and thirsty Freeman who haunts us," how the said freeman "cares nothing for purity or the constitution, or Burke, or the Sublime, or the Beautiful," how he has "a score at the public-house" and "at the corner shop," with many other flowers of rhetoric of the like sort. In short, it goes through the favourite process, characteristic of cockneydom, of affecting to know nothing of an important English city except through the medium of a Blue Book. Very good; let the *Times* enjoy its own style, but why should it complain of Mr. Berkeley for not talking even greater nonsense than he did talk?

Gloucester is a very important city, says Mr. Berkeley; it is the second port on the Severn, and represents some great interests. He omits to plead that it has a fine Cathedral, a Bishop, and Chapter.

What on earth has the cathedral, the bishop, or the chapter, to do with the election or with the claims of the city to be represented? That Gloucester has a large population and a large trade is a good reason for giving it members. That the existence of the cathedral and bishops forms any claim is too foolish if meant seriously, too stupid if meant as a joke, for anybody but a writer in the *Times*. Has the *Times* got a Reform Bill on the stocks which will give members to Ely, Llandaff, and St. David's, all which have cathedrals, bishops, and chapters, but no representative in Parliament? We hope the *Times* does not mean to insinuate that the dean and canons are among the corrupt electors who have a score at the public-house. The bishops anyhow, both past and present, are safe. Dr. Baring was a peer in 1859. Dr. Thomson cannot yet be on the register, and so he is out of the way of temptation. But, even in making a stupid joke, the *Times* misses what little point there might be even in that stupid joke. To have "a bishop" is in nowise distinctive of Gloucester; what is distinctive of Gloucester is that it has only half a bishop. These two mysterious and puzzling cities have only one bishop between them. This is now peculiar to them among English cities. Coventry, as a part of the style of the Bishops of Lichfield, has now vanished, and Bath has, since Henry the Eighth's time, been a mere vain addition to the title of the Bishop of Wells. But Gloucester and Bristol are two separate dioceses with distinct cathedrals, distinct deans and chapters, distinct chancellors, but only one bishop. This seems to us a dry piece of ecclesiastical law, out of which it would be hard to make anything funny. But perhaps the combined joke-making powers of Mr. Berkeley and the *Times* might make something out of it, at least equal to the "extinct volcano" and the picture of the weeping Genius of Gloucester.

POETICAL CRITICISM.

A CORRECT and discriminative appreciation of poetry comes as little to us by nature as reading or writing, although on this, as on certain other matters, people insist upon possessing an instinctive infallibility matured without the slightest study of the subject, and gained without any of the vulgar accessories of laborious and up-hill effort. Such self-constituted authorities imagine the power of receiving pleasure from a harmonious arrangement of words and syllables to be co-extensive with the

entire mystery of poetical criticism. A child feeling a perfectly honest delight at a barrel-organ tune is hardly qualified to understand the music of Mendelssohn. There is, likewise, a certain jingle, grateful to an immature age, in the effusions of the amiable Dr. Watts, commending the industry of bees, or deprecating canine ferocity. All this may be within our depth, without our being able to realize or make our own Shakespeare's sonnets or *In Memoriam*.

To the eternal confusion, however, of all crude and hasty verdicts, most writing of the very highest order is distinguished by an absence of ostentation and a freedom from mannerism which alike escape notice and defy imitation. Hence, the greatest of German poets has laid it down:—

Was glänzt, ist für den Augenblick geboren;
Das Aechte bleibt der Nachwelt unverloren.

This maxim of Goethe's condenses into a single couplet a minute analysis of an essential and radical difference. Mr. Alexander Smith, and a host of lesser minstrels, would do well to give this caution their best consideration. A spurious, ungentle sentimentality is always lacquering and patching up its products with the glitter of indiscriminate ornament. It must pile up metaphors of sugary flavour and elaborate melody, both in and out of season. The expression of genuine and intense emotion is not afraid to go forth, for the most part, in the real grandeur of its native simplicity. Shakespeare is alternately rugged or harmonious as the theme in hand inspires his utterance. Perdita at the sheep-shearing can describe her nosegays in a melody that leaves even that of the *Idylls* behind; but there is no "Cytherea's breath" where Lady Macbeth delivers her speech beginning, "The raven himself is hoarse."

Reverting, therefore, to genuineness as no slight test of poetical sentiment and emotion—as faithfulness to nature may be accepted as the great ingredient in the excellence of another province of this faculty—we may deduce the inference that spontaneous feeling, with faithful representation, constitutes the principal claim of any such works to durability, or, in the heightened diction of poetry itself, immortality. It seems strange enough that certain works should outlast empires by an apparently capricious good fortune, while other works which started with an equal popularity should never be heard of again after a year or two. Yet the most extended lease of literary vitality is short enough when compared even with the duration of material objects. The Laureate speaks touchingly enough to this effect:—

And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew.

It is, however, sufficiently wonderful, even although the nature of things will allow at most a circumscribed secular limit to the best written thought of men, that the humour of a rehearsal of Athenian clowns should, in the hands of the first of dramatists—and, perhaps, of poets—appeal as freshly to a modern audience as it did three hundred years ago in the Globe Playhouse. And yet the modesty of the same master is content to assure us, with a force and truth which baffles amendment or imitation, "The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them." This is rather different from the fanfaronades about the divineness of their mission and the worthlessness of their critics which the noisy and self-asserting aspirants to Helicon give us at every other page.

We would further insist on an equally vital principle relative to poetry and its critics—namely, that a conviction of the unapproachable power of the great poetical masters must be worked out and realized for ourselves by degrees and with the most careful study. As in still higher matters, we cannot accept on trust the superiority of Shakespeare or Goethe. Such a second-hand faith is at best a faith of wilful ignorance, that cares not to inquire and appreciate for itself. Many a reader, although he would not perhaps venture to acknowledge it, can see no great difference between a page of Milton selected at random, and an extract from one of those ephemeral epics which are frequently enough published now-a-days. He observes the name of Jones or of Milton on the back of the volume, and falls forthwith into the appropriate vein of depreciation or ecstasy. He is probably right, as he might be in any sweeping assertion about the dialect of the Vedas or the poetry of the elder Edda, but he is about equally qualified to criticise in each of these cases. We rise gradually to a perception and active belief in the greatest poets, more easily by recognising how far they distance their competitors than by ever professing or hoping to analyse thoroughly the intricacies of their almost intuitive wisdom. Given even the power of so doing, which would presuppose a capacity in certain respects not very far below that of the originators themselves, we have the authority of Goethe for concluding that no two minds, however similarly constituted, are affected or impressed precisely in the same manner by the perusal of any of the masterpieces of human intellect; while the conceptions or conclusions therefrom derived are so far from identical, that occasionally they are not even analogous.

Poetry, as compared with prose fiction, has fallen somewhat into disrepute at the present day. Owing to a reckless and fatal facility for versification very generally current, readers, and their reflection the publishers, view all manuscript poetry with suspicion, while they are over-lent to most three volumes of unrhymed love-making. Although the distinction between poetical grain and chaff cannot be adjudicated off-hand, we venture to call attention to one canon of criticism, which, if more attended to, would disembarass the public of much superfluous verse-writing. This test

discriminates such productions from a point of view diametrically opposite to that of the amateur critic—we mean the tendency of everything really excellent, be it poem, picture, or music, to improve and grow upon us with further acquaintance. Nor need its first impression be, comparatively speaking, vividly or acutely received. Now our ready-made censor usually requires, in the cant phrase of the brotherhood, "lines or melodies which he can carry away with him"—that is to say, which he can pick up off-hand, as a street-boy does from Mr. Robson or an organ-grinder. We once heard Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* condemned with the utmost effrontery by one who never heard the opera before, and whose knowledge of music was about equivalent to his acquaintance with Lithuanian, on the highly sufficient ground that, since he could not recall a single air, this could, therefore, be in nowise a remarkable production. If we take, again, the analogy of one of those showy French prints that borrow their warmth from mythology or the *demi-monde*, we often may find in them sufficient artistic merit to convey a certain æsthetic pleasure at first sight; yet how intolerably stale and unmeaning will such become after a week or two. By way of contrast, let us next consider honestly if we really liked the Theseus of the Elgin Marbles the first time of seeing it, or whether its appreciation and comprehension was not rather a work of time, growing stronger and more defined after every fresh visit to the masterpieces of Phidias.

Even when a correct appreciative faculty is acquired, this is not necessarily accompanied by that much higher productive or origination power by the side of which mere taste cannot be admitted in comparison, inasmuch as taste is merely part and accessory thereof. Applying this principle to our original subject of illustration, we know that the power of realizing poetical ideas or impressions is perfectly distinct from the ability to give them adequate embodiment in words, or to invest them with appropriate speech or metre. No amount of what people are commonly pleased to call genius will suffice for this last qualification, essential as it is to all and every degree of poetical excellence, unless the original capacity is helped out and developed by a considerable accession of those comparatively unromantic ingredients—hard work and unwearied practice in mastering the merely mechanical difficulties which beset the threshold of this, as of every other kind of excellence. Persons who content themselves with accepting a glittering surface or a plausible generality in such matters, accordingly regale us with an infinity of nonsense concerning *inward* poets and *inward* musicians—in so many words claiming for the persons praised, and collaterally for themselves, all the credit, such as it is, without any of the trouble and drudgery consequent upon a real and honest proficiency in a difficult art. These, consequently, claim to deliver opinions and verdicts of the highest critical weight, although they have never penned anything worthier than a stray valentine or a metrical album impromptu, or probably can only whistle three bars of *Rule Britannia* in questionable time and tune. A man is certainly not born to cut a double three on skates without considerable practice and an adequate number of tumbles; although, of course, he must be endowed with tolerably good ankles to have any chance of ultimate proficiency therein. Yet we are disposed to be about as lenient to a so-called *inward* skater as to a mute inglorious Milton. No doubt the apparatus and gear, mental or physical, for producing verses or for describing outward edges, may be forthcoming with some and utterly deficient in others; but the claims of the two cases are admirably stated by Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida*, where the question is put in a light devoid of all romantic nonsense:—

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.

All such idle claims to ready-made excellence, and every impotent aspiration after short cuts to celebrity, are fathered with the name of genius. This objectionable term occupies a parallel office to "heart" in morals—that is, it can be made an excuse for every species of atrocity. Like charity, genius has to cover a multitude of sins, among which idleness is the commonest, and, perhaps, the most venial.

THEATRICAL AMENITIES.

ONE of the most agreeable days of the last season was that which was devoted to the fête of the Royal Dramatic College at the Crystal Palace. There was a fancy fair in which all the most popular actresses in London held stalls. It had been announced that Blondin, who was then at the height of glory, was to be outdone by Mr. J. L. Toole, who undertook to carry Mr. Paul Bedford (immensely elevated) across the Falls of Niagara. We do not happen to know what became of this portion of the programme, but it is obvious that one item of the performance, viz., the elevation of Mr. Paul Bedford, was undeniably within the resources of the management. There was also Aunt Sally, and Cheap Jack, and a peep-show, and above all there was a thrilling melodrama of the good old Bartlemy fair time, called *The Midnight Spectre, or the Fatal Secret*, in which the fair Gemma, the Pearl of Padua, daughter of the Baron de Spartivento, and "the cause of much misery," was to be personified by Mr. Paul Bedford, while actors of equal talent in their line were to represent a Ruffian and a Ghost.

We had conceived in our own mind the wish that the Royal Dramatic College might prosper greatly, but still that its exchequer

might not become so overflowing as to relieve it from the obligation of organizing once a year a fête in which the true Richardsonian drama might be revived, with, if possible, a companion part to the Pearl of Padua provided in it for Mr. Paul Bedford. It seems, however, that the *Era* newspaper, to which is attributed the high function of being "the organ of dramatic morals," was of a different opinion in this matter from ourselves. The *Era* considered that dramatic morals, or, at all events, dramatic dignity, was impaired by the performance of the most amusing drama of the year. It declared that an entertainment, of which the mere mention is sufficient to excite laughter, was degrading to the theatrical profession, and had inflicted a deep injury on the Dramatic College which it was supposed to have largely benefited. It had, moreover, the unkindness to suggest that the holding of stalls in a fancy fair by ladies was no better than thimble-riding, and that even the presence of that venerable personage Aunt Sally could not secure this entertainment from contempt. We think this was very hard measure, and so it appears thought Mr. Benjamin Webster, who, as Chairman of the Committee of the fête, felt himself personally aggrieved by the *Era's* strictures. A quarrel consequently occurred between Mr. Webster and the Editor of the *Era*, and as other and simpler modes of settling quarrels are now as obsolete as Bartlemy Fair, the disputants were reduced to have recourse to the Court of Queen's Bench, where an action brought by the Editor against Mr. Webster for a libel has resulted in a verdict for 1s. damages. It appeared that Mr. Webster had applied to the guardian of dramatic morals, in a hand-bill, the disparaging epithet of "a very low-minded person;" and in pleading to the action he undertook to justify this epithet by alleging that the *Era* had stated—as indeed it had—that there was thimble-riding at the Crystal Palace fête, and further that it was in the habit of inserting puffs at 6d. per line and of publishing demoralizing advertisements. It is, perhaps, surprising, and it certainly is gratifying, to find that the machinery of special pleading adapts itself so readily to the purpose of enabling one litigant to give what is vulgarly called "a bit of his mind" to the other. If ever lawyers' bills were paid by clients without a murmur, we should think that the bills for this action ought to be, for certainly both plaintiff and defendant have had the fullest possible value for their money which the nature of the case admitted. The Editor of the *Era* has had the opportunity of recalling the theatrical profession to a due sense of its own dignity by the mouths of some of the most eloquent counsel at the bar, and he has obtained from the Lord Chief Justice of England a declaration of his opinion that the object of a fancy fair is to get money *per fas aut nefas*, and that the conduct of the ladies who hold stalls is "more or less a sort of thimble-riding." We really hope that this ruling of the Head of the Common Law will not be too deeply taken to heart by ladies, whether they may belong to the theatrical or the religious world, who may contemplate bartering smiles and knic-knacs for gold and silver at the fancy fairs of the ensuing season. We venture to suggest that this opinion of the Lord Chief Justice was nothing more than what is called by lawyers an *obiter dictum*, not required for the decision of the point before him, and therefore not entitled to the authority which belongs to a solemn judgment of the Court. If, indeed, it had been such a judgment, we feel certain that Mr. Webster's counsel, on behalf of the ladies of England, would have taken measures to bring it under the revision of a higher Court. No tribunal less august than the House of Lords, assisted by all the Judges, can be competent to decide the question—fraught as it is with incalculable consequences to many valuable charities—whether the proceedings at a fancy fair can be properly compared to thimble-riding. However, the Editor of the *Era* has enjoyed the exquisite satisfaction of seeing his stern censorship supported by the authority of the Lord Chief Justice; and Mr. Webster, on the other hand, has been indulged with an opportunity of asserting, and, so far as he could, of proving in open court, that his antagonist is "a very low-minded person," and the editor of a journal which depends on "the pitiful resources" of free advertisements and puffs "to maintain its limited circulation."

The opportunity for the utterance by Mr. Webster of the alleged libel arose in this way. Mr. J. L. Toole, a member of Mr. Webster's company, who had promised to gratify the visitors to the fête by appearing as "Cheap Jack," was about to take a benefit at the New Adelphi Theatre. In consequence of the displeasure which Mr. Webster felt at the *Era's* efforts to maintain dramatic dignity, he expressed to Mr. Toole a wish that the proposed benefit should not be advertised in the *Era*. That newspaper, however, inserted an advertisement of the benefit without authority or payment, whereat Mr. Webster was provoked into distributing in his theatre a handbill containing the alleged libel. In order to make it clear that the *Era* had no authority to advertise the benefit, Mr. Toole was called to state the purport of a conversation which he and Mr. Paul Bedford had held with the Editor. On cross-examination, one of those points arose which counsel always deem it their duty to investigate with a minuteness which appears to the ordinary observer to be increased in proportion as the importance of the point in question is inappreciable. The witness stated that during the conversation the three parties to it had had a glass of sherry together. The witness was hereupon desired to recollect himself, and state whether or not the wine drunk on this occasion, instead of being sherry, was champagne. Counsel, no doubt, as he put this question, would glance impressively towards the jury, as much as to imply that they were coming to something really important now. It is said that Sir William Garrow once involved a very embarrassing witness in contradiction, by beginning to inquire whether he did not have cold beef for luncheon,

and whether he did not take mustard with his cold beef. It would be impossible to pronounce, without hearing the whole case through, whether the question of what wine three gentlemen drank during a call on one of them did or did not tend to show how far that one deserved to be called by a fourth gentleman "a very low-minded person," who was capable of having recourse to "pitiful resources" to maintain the limited circulation of his newspaper. The question, however, being supposed to be capable of turning out important, it was obviously the duty of counsel to investigate it to the utmost. One of the witnesses in the case was Mr. F. F. Toole, the well-known toastmaster; but he was unable to throw any light upon the question raised upon his brother's evidence, inasmuch as the three gentlemen had not on this occasion the advantage of his valuable assistance to charge their glasses. However, the gathering perplexity of the question whether it was sherry or whether it was champagne was summarily dissipated by the appearance in the witness-box of Mr. Paul Bedford, who declared that it was both. Mr. Bedford was also able to lend some aid towards showing the groundlessness of the *Era's* condemnation of the fête, by stating that he at least had not forgotten what was due to dignity and decorum, for that the petticoats of the fair Gemma, the Pearl of Padua, were of unexceptionable length. This of course was a triumph for the defendant, and it was augmented by the suggestion that the plaintiff, whose anxiety to maintain decency on the stage extended even to considering the length of the petticoats in which a gentleman played a lady's part, was in the habit of inserting in his newspaper advertisements which spoke to the initiated of matters very much more offensive to morality than the appearance on the stage of the Pearl of Padua in unduly abridged petticoats. It certainly does seem rather strange that a newspaper which is "the organ of dramatic morals," and which treats Aunt Sally and peep-shows with lofty scorn in one column, should indicate in another column the address of a vendor of indecent photographs. Mr. Toole is censured for, as he has expressed it, "making a stupid of himself" by acting Cheap Jack for a charitable object, while the censor lends his aid to any quack who is willing to contract for the puffing of his pills or ointment by the year. We certainly cannot see that either the "Hermis's Cave," or the "Tent of Mystery," at the Crystal Palace, is liable to the condemnation of a journal which is admitted to have hired itself, either knowingly or carelessly, as a guide to the cell of some reclus who is guilty of much more than merely helping silly people to rid themselves of their superfluous cash. If the commodities sold at fancy fairs are useless, we apprehend that quack pills are also useless, and very nasty into the bargain.

On the whole, we feel tolerably confident that the Royal Dramatic College and its fête will survive the indignation both of the Editor of the *Era*, and of the correspondent who, under the initials "J. V.," gave utterance to what Mr. Webster rather strongly called "an infamous falsehood," concerning the fancy fair. This correspondent, it appears, was not altogether insensible to the forcible language which Mr. Webster used, for he subsequently sent him an apology, but having sent it without consulting the *Era*, he was charged by that paper in its next number with acting "so ungentlemanly" towards its Editor. It would rather seem that Mr. Webster is a little apt to fling about big words at random, and, like the Editor of the *Era*, to disregard the conventionalities of style. A writer who charges another with acting "so ungentlemanly" towards himself is reasonably open to what Mrs. Malaprop would call "an aspersion on his parts of speech;" and so when Mr. Webster calls an unauthorized publication of the advertisement of the benefit "a gratuitous insult to mislead the public," we infer from this curious agglomeration of words that Mr. Webster was in a passion when he had them put into his handbill. No doubt the act was in one sense "gratuitous," inasmuch as no charge was made for the advertisement; but that can hardly be the sense in which Mr. Webster meant to use the word. The *Era* might have stated with perfect truth that Mr. Paul Bedford's performance of the character of the fair Gemma was "gratuitous," but he would scarcely have conveyed by that epithet the full force of the reprobation which the "organ of dramatic morals" desired to pronounce against that incident of the fête. The sum of the whole matter is, that these parties were very angry, and—to use one more vulgar phrase—they have now "had it out" in open Court, and it is to be hoped that the storm has cleared the atmosphere.

THE REVISION OF THE REVISED CODE.

THERE is a curious infelicity about Mr. Lowe's sneers. One might have thought that the fate of the Bill for abolishing Local Dues and Passing Tolls, lost under his Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade, would have taught him to refrain from exciting by his language unnecessary opposition to his measures. But the habit of treading on the corns of other people is apparently too inveterate with him to yield to the suggestions of discretion. In his recent speech, he has far outdone his memorable "musty charter" achievement. In introducing the Revised Code to the House of Commons, he flings a gratuitous sneer at everybody connected with the system of education hitherto in force. The most wanton and ill-judged of all was that aimed at the managers of schools. A body of persons whose office is not only voluntarily undertaken, but in the highest degree both burdensome and thankless, are represented as a set of carping charlatans, who have fastened like leeches on the public purse, and are only bent on screening the inefficiency of their operations from all rigorous tests. The Training Colleges are an anomaly and excrescence, marked for destruction, but per-

mitted to cumber the earth a little longer. As for the Inspectors, they are little short of imbeciles, who imagine a school to be good, and report to that effect, because it has a master who is certificated, and should contain a handful of decent scholars. Instead of doing their work in a plain and sensible way, they are addicted, it seems, to Platonic ideas, and, at an inspection, wander dreamily through the ranks of shock-headed urchins, peering after impalpable essences, which they catch and bottle for the edification of the Council Office. If this picture be correct, the first reform needed is in the Inspectorate itself.

Whatever the merits of the New Code, it is abundantly clear, from all that has been hitherto said or written in its behalf, that it is essentially a scheme evolved out of a bureau. The *Times*, with a flourish of trumpets betraying a very transparent inspiration, has proclaimed the avatar of the first philosophical piece of legislation on this question. And the impression left by the four hours' speech of the Vice-President of the Council is this—that his knowledge of his subject is derived from every source except that of personal experience. There is the stamp of the official mind throughout. The merits of the Code, no less than its demerits, smack of the doctrinaire. It is much to be desired that a Minister seeking to inaugurate a vast change united to theory a practical knowledge of his subject. At least it would have prevented his taking up false positions from which retreat has been inevitable. A little more experience of the actual working of schools would have saved Mr. Lowe from the absurd blunder of requiring infants three years old to read a narrative in monosyllables, and work elementary sums in addition and subtraction. Moreover, if he would condescend occasionally to enter a school, he would receive some enlightenment on a phrase over which he was so facetious. By a "good tone" we suppose an inspector to indicate simply those elements in the goodness of a school which, though of the highest importance, do not admit of a specific report. Clean faces and respectful manners deserve to be taken into account. So do such features as perfect accord between master and scholars, and a warm interest on the part of the children themselves in their schoolwork. These and similar points may be fairly considered, while due stress is laid on the quality of the three elementary branches of instruction.

We have, however, something more to do than to defend a phrase from shallow criticism. What we wish to point out is this—that in a far more momentous part of his scheme than any to which we have adverted, the Vice-President of the Council shows an utter inability to appreciate objections of a practical kind. We allude to the provisions of the New Code affecting pupil-teachers. It is confidently asserted that the system is in this particular to be left intact—that pupil-teachers will continue to be appointed and annually examined by the Committee of Council, and that therefore no change in their status is intended. Who, in the name of goodness, wants to prevent you having your pupil-teachers? Is the language held on this point. Now, the matter really stands thus—while this agency is nominally left as before, the guarantees for its efficiency are entirely removed. We might follow the example of Mr. Lowe, and quoting Shakspeare against him, say that he "keeps the word of promise to our ear, but breaks it to our hope." Hitherto, pupil-teachers have been kept up to their work by the dependence of their stipend on their annual examination. Hitherto they have been, through the medium of the Council Office, so bound to the school as to make it difficult, except for some grave reason, to sever the connection. Both these conditions of their being are abolished by the New Code. In their appointment it is true that the Central Office will continue to have a voice, but as to the future annual examination of the pupil-teachers, we may remark that, inasmuch as it will always follow instead of preceding payment, its value will be next to nothing. Pay first and examine afterwards is the principle of the New Code—a principle which we should like to know whether Mr. Lowe is prepared to extend to other cases besides this. Would he, for instance, appoint a youth to a clerkship in the Customs and test his qualifications afterwards? Is he in the habit of paying his domestic servants by anticipation? There is, moreover, a singular inconsistency in this part of his plan. We are told that the principle of the Revised Code is payment for results alone. Not a shilling of the public money is to be expended except on account of some work actually done. Upon the same principle, the pupil-teacher should receive no payment until he had substantiated his claim to the money by passing a satisfactory examination. But what is indispensable in the case of a scholar becomes quite immaterial, it seems, in that of the pupil-teacher. In other words, Mr. Lowe, though a most jealous guardian of the public money, does not in the least object to squander the managers' money on incompetent assistants.

Illogical as this proceeding appears, it is not so fatal to the interests of education as the second proposed change in the position of the pupil-teacher. There is no part of the Revised Code which causes more apprehension among those versed in the practical difficulties of school management than that which destroys the intimate tie which has hitherto united the apprentice to his school. The relation in which he stands to the Council Office has operated as the main restraint and check on volatile propensities—how successfully, the Report of the Royal Commissioners, although not specifying the cause, has placed on record beyond possibility of cavil. But that relation is to cease, and henceforward, if the Revised Code passes, he will simply enter into an agreement, and with the managers alone. By giving six months' notice, or paying a small sum, he will be able to put a summary end to his engage-

ment. Under these circumstances, there is too much reason to fear that pupil-teachers will not scruple to escape from their obligations on slight and insufficient pretexts. It must be borne in mind that the resolutions of a boy of thirteen are anything but stable. He can hardly be said to exercise any deliberate choice. A sudden dislike to his work or his master may arise, or the prospect of some more remunerative employment in another sphere of life. It is idle to suppose that he will resist the temptation to throw up work. By so doing he will forfeit no stipend, as at present, nor will any reference to the Committee of Council be necessary. Meanwhile, his unfortunate chief will be left in the lurch, to struggle on at the impossible task of infusing order and intelligence into large masses with the inadequate aid of any raw recruit that may offer his services to the school. It is simply disingenuous to assert that the efficiency of the pupil-teacher will not be impaired by the projected changes. Virtually independent of the Council Office, and of the obstacles which its attitude has hitherto interposed to his suddenly quitting service, he will cease to be a pupil-teacher in anything but name; and except for the supererogatory examinations at the end of each year, he will differ in nothing from the exploded monitor of old times. There ought to be some very good reason for reverting to machinery savouring of proved inefficiency. If the principle of the New Code is really—what it is loudly asserted to be—payment for results, we are at a loss to perceive how the maintenance of pupil-teachers on their present footing in any way clashes with it. Nay, we may go farther, and say that the projected alteration in their position is a direct violation of that principle, consistently with which they ought not to be paid, except as heretofore, for their results—results which must be looked for not in the attainments of the children, but in their own attainments, and the work they are certified to have done in the year in teaching and managing the school. We must look, therefore, in the New Code for some other principle incompatible with the retention of the existing grant to pupil-teachers. There is no such principle to be found, except in Mr. Lowe's determination to have but one single kind of grant. This, then, is the real principle of this revolution—uniformity of grant. It sounds much better to say that the Government means to see that the country gets an equivalent for its money; and it is politic to put forward that as the principle, because it is one which the practical sense of the nation approves. It is no less politic to keep out of sight the real principle of the change—namely, the commutation of all the existing annual payments for one Capitation grant, because it is one which is to most minds barren and meaningless, but commends itself by a certain philosophical simplicity to the sympathies of a minority of pedants and doctrinaires. If this be a misrepresentation, and the principle of the Revised Code is really what Lord Granville affirms it to be, we see no reason why the payment of the pupil-teacher grant should not be conceded by the Government. On the contrary, it would be an act of consistency to retain this grant, because they will then be still applying to the pupil-teacher the same condition which they insist on so stringently in the case of the scholar. Indeed, the object of the new regulations is in effect simply this—to extend to the grant made in respect of each scholar the principle upon which grants are at present made to pupil-teachers. Both ought to be conditional on the results of previous individual examination. If this modification were adopted, there would remain a twofold annual grant to schools—one, the grant to pupil-teachers, with gratuities for their instruction, as at present; the other, a Capitation grant, in which all existing payments other than those to pupil-teachers would be merged, based on an attendance of one hundred days and an examination of all the children above six years of age.

We are quite disposed to believe that the individual examination of children may be safely carried much further than, owing to the lax administration of the Council Office, it has hitherto been. But the Revised Code will probably, in this particular, be applied in a very lenient spirit by the inspectors—so lenient as to make it very dubious whether the prognostications of sanguine economists will be realized. Those who know how bashful and diffident children usually are at an inspection may think it hard that the means of a school's support should be wholly conditional upon the nerve as much as the intellectual attainments of its scholars. Others will be inclined to look with some distrust on the extraordinary powers to be lodged in the hands of the inspectors. Indeed the appointment of Inspectors-general to go round and endeavour to equalize the standards of the district inspectors will be a necessary consequence of the adoption of the Code in its present form; and this will hardly tend to reduce the estimates. To any measure for securing a better return for the public outlay on education we are prepared to give a fair trial. But it is a poor compliment to the Revised Code to rest its merits, as the leading journal has done, on the philosophical simplicity of its operation.

CIVILITY.

A DESCRIPTION of the various modes of civility obtaining in various countries, though not precisely edifying, would at least be entertaining. In China, the civillest thing you can do for a sick friend or neighbour is to describe to him in glowing colours the beauty of the coffin which, to save time, has been already constructed and is ready for his reception. In North America, Mr. Catlin was deeply flattered, but sorely distressed, by the courtesy of an Indian who insisted that he should make use of him as a pillow whenever he retired for the night. An English naval officer

once dined by special invitation with a Turkish pacha. Towards the close of the repast, the pacha, eying him all the time with a look of extreme benevolence, dipped his fingers into a variety of dishes, extracted a morsel from each, and with the aid of a little rice gently amalgamated the whole between the palms of his hands. Then, in a fervour of triumphant hospitality, the Turk suddenly introduced the delicate *rissole* into the mouth of the agonized guest, and blandly awaited his grateful acknowledgments. Passing to civilized communities, French politeness used to be more thought of than it is now; but one thing must be conceded—when a Frenchman is civil, his civility is irresistible. It has a charm which leaves behind it a lingering sweetness—a vague agreeable persuasion that the civility shown to you was occasioned by your own amiable qualities.

In an amusing little sketch of a Frenchman's visit to London, published several years since, the disadvantages of over-politeness are forcibly described. The Frenchman complains that he was treated with marked incivility in the London shops, though he politely lifted his hat on entering, and made repeated bows in his best manner to the people behind the counter. Again, on calling with a letter of introduction at a nobleman's mansion, he deferentially gave a single rap at the door, and bowed low to the powdered lacquy who made his appearance after long delay. But his letter was rudely tossed back to him, and the street-door violently slammed in his face. An English friend of course puts all this to rights, and explains to the discomfited foreigner that an air of decision and a tone of authority make a favourable impression on English tradesmen, and that a determined rap at the door, followed by a scrupulous avoidance of all approach to politeness, checks any lurking impertinence in the breast of a British flunkey. We suspect, indeed, that the majority of Englishmen measure a man by his own standard. They take you, as it were, at your word, and do not think highly of you unless you seem to think highly of yourself. Insolent swagger and self-conceit will not of course go down, but a certain flavour of sober self-esteem has a wonderful effect upon the general public. If you are deferential, it is probable that a stranger will condemn you as a humbug. If you are retiring and modest, many will consider you effeminate and sneaking. One maxim is usually a safe one. In asking a question, avoid timid hesitation of manner, and speak as if a clause in a recent Act of Parliament had invested you with some special prerogative—otherwise you will probably get a rude answer or none at all. The tradesman will nervously lock his till, the policeman will eye you suspiciously, the railway porter will pretend not to hear you, or take you for a third-class passenger.

As a rule, and speaking of the mass of the population, the South of England is more civil than the North. The labouring classes in Southern agricultural districts are pleasanter to deal with than they are in the North. The state of the labour market partly explains this. Labourers in the South are more numerous, and therefore worse paid. This renders them dependent on those better off than themselves, and puts them on their good behaviour. Setting aside outward circumstances, the manners of the people are ruder the farther you travel northwards. Take the case of excursionists. English excursionists are generally harmless enough. They do not make themselves more disagreeable than they can help. In Scotland, holiday folk are more rough and reckless. We have seen some hundreds of excursionists who had chartered a steamer moor her as close as practicable to a little island in the Frith of Forth, and there, in full view of a party of ladies, strip off their clothes, jump into the water on the near side of the steamer, and disport themselves with an enjoyment evidently enhanced by the sense of annoyance inflicted on the women on shore. Again, in London, a cabman on the whole has no particular desire to drive over foot-passengers. In Edinburgh, one of a cabman's recognised amusements appears to consist in endeavouring to smash any man, woman, or child that chances to be crossing the street. In English towns, commonplace civility is general amongst the working classes. Frequently it is enlivened by a touch of humour. "Let us have no vulgar row!" exclaimed a cabman to an indignant friend of ours who prided himself on knowing every fare in London, and was loudly protesting against an overcharge. "Let us have no vulgar row!" What could our friend do? The cabman had placed him in an inferior position. There was nothing for it but to succumb with a good grace, and pay the fare demanded.

There is one advantage of politeness. It gives additional point to a sarcasm or a sneer. A right reverend divine, much versed in controversy, has well said that "a little oil makes the knife cut more keenly." Cardinal Fleury, eighty years of age, frankly told the Abbé de Bernis that he should never have any preferment in his lifetime. "Monseigneur," politely rejoined the Abbé, "j'attendrai." A pleasant counterpart to this delicate home-thrust is Sir Walter Scott's story of the Irish boatman—"Well, there's sixpence for you, Paddy, but mind, you are to pay me again!"—"May your honour live till you get it!"

But, after all, what is genuine civility? It is something better than good breeding. Good breeding, or mere superficial politeness, is consistent with the meanest selfishness. It is negative rather than active—careful not to give offence, but often slow to take trouble—content not to cause annoyance, but not necessarily anxious to impart pleasure. Rochefoucauld says that "*La civilité est un désir d'en recevoir et d'être estimé poli.*" But this is counterfeit civility—a garment worn because we think it becoming—a piece of acting performed because it is in vogue, or because it makes the wheels of society run smoothly, or because we hope it may do us some

good. A well-bred man will certainly conduct himself with propriety. He will not snatch from your expectant hand the glass of pale ale presented to you—exclaiming with Trulliber, "I cald vurst!" Neither will he talk across you at the dinner table to a friend on the other side of you, in loud and voluble accents. Nor, if he directs his conversation to yourself, will he allude to topics notoriously disagreeable—such as your recent expulsion from Parliament on a charge of electioneering bribery—the bankruptcy of your uncle—the singular marriage of your grandmother—the peculiar cut of your coat, and your increasing corpulency. He will abstain from annoying others because he does not wish to be annoyed himself. He will make himself tolerably agreeable because it is good policy, and because it is *en règle*.

"Good heavens!" exclaims Lord Chesterfield to his hopeful son, "how I should be shocked if you came into my room with two left legs, presenting yourself with all the graces and dignity of a tailor, and your clothes hanging about you, like those in Monmouth Street, upon tenter-hooks! Whereas I expect, nay require, to see you present yourself with the easy and genteel air of a man of fashion who has kept good company. I expect a gracefulness in all your motions, and something particularly engaging in your address. All this I expect. . . . but to tell you the plain truth, if I do not find it, we shall not converse much together; for I cannot stand inattention and awkwardness; it would endanger my health." However, to do his lordship justice, his notions of politeness went further than mere manners. His morality soared as high as the art of pleasing. But then it was always for a purpose. "Make your court particularly to such men and women as are highest in the fashion and in the opinion of the public; speak advantageously of them behind their backs, in companies who you will have reason to believe will tell them again." "The art of pleasing is in truth the art of rising, of distinguishing oneself, of making a figure and a fortune in the world." "Labour this great point, my dear child, indefatigably," &c. &c. &c. In short, the civility recommended was little else than a commercial investment—a businesslike outlay for a strictly selfish purpose. Of course a well-bred man may be often disinterestedly civil, but so may a vulgar man. The vulgar man is frequently the more civil man of the two. He may ignore the letter *h*. He may use his knife at meals in a way to make your flesh creep. He may insist upon taking off his gloves to shake hands in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare on a winter's day, though the operation occupies five minutes and you are cut in two by the east wind. The vulgar man may wink confidentially on the smallest provocation—poke you in the ribs with affectionate familiarity—make playful grimaces to give point to a humorous anecdote, and create as much discomposure in a correct circle as a gorilla or a maniac. But, though obnoxious to everybody, the man may mean to be civil, and fails only because he is out of his element. His desire to please is as genuine as that of the well-intentioned donkey who followed the lap-dog's example, and tried to jump upon his master's knees. Give him a fair opportunity and suitable sphere of action, and possibly he may conquer your prejudices, and reconcile you to his defects. The conventionally civil man will not trouble himself to walk two streets out of his way to direct a stranger into the right road; nor will he vacate his seat at a closely-packed church or theatre to give ten minutes' rest to an unhappy man who has been standing beside him, first on one leg, then on the other, for the last hour and a quarter; nor will he make one jot more haste over the newspaper at his club, though he perceives three anxious individuals eying it as keenly—"as careful robins eye the delver's toil." But an underbred man often does all this and more. His civility may not be on the surface, yet it is not the less real. It is not a matter of conventionalism, but something deeper, springing from the heart rather than from mere deference to social laws or customs.

We think it is the authoress of *English Hearts and English Hands*, who describes a rough uneducated "navvie" stretched helpless on his bed, having been crushed by a railway train, yet troubled most of all by the thought that there are no chairs in his wretched garret to offer to the two ladies who have come to visit him. Perhaps the consideration shown to women in moments of great peril, such as shipwrecks, is partly due to a habit of generous courtesy that has grown up insensibly and become an element of good in minds naturally hard and selfish. Of civility to women—not because they are young and pretty, but simply because they are women—Charles Lamb discourses eloquently, and gives a notable example in the shape of "Joseph Paice of Bread Street, merchant, and Director of the South Sea Company." "I have seen him—nay smile not—tenderly escorting a marketwoman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall—though it were to an ancient beggarwoman—with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of age; the Sir Calidore or Sir Tristan to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses that had long since faded thence still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks." Gallantry of this ideal type has sometimes been substantially rewarded. Once upon a time, a curate of narrow income but kindly disposition perceived two elderly spinsters in old-fashioned costume, beset with jeers and jibes by a mob of idle men and boys lounging round the church porch whilst the bell was ringing for service. Forcing his way through the crowd, the curate gave one old lady his right arm and the

other his left, led them both into church, and escorted them politely up the middle aisle to a convenient pew, regardless of the stares and titters of the congregation. Some years afterwards, the needy curate was agreeably surprised by the announcement that the two old ladies, having lately died, had bequeathed him a handsome fortune in recognition of his well-timed courtesy.

Civility costs nothing—so we have been duly instructed from an early age; but, however little civility may cost us after the habit is acquired, the civility that has cost us nothing is of very little worth. For what is meant by civility? A soft voice and a deferential manner? A feeble readiness to yield in indifferent matters, and a reluctance to give offence or cause disturbance? Scarcely so. True civility implies some degree, however small, of self-sacrifice, and self-sacrifice certainly costs us something. No doubt there is such a thing as feeling pleasure in self-sacrifice—a pleasure keener than can be gained by self-seeking. But such a pleasure is itself an evidence of goodness, and must not be confounded with natural passion or instinct. It is the fruit of an habitual endeavour to act kindly by those with whom we have to do, and has reached maturity after many struggles and conflicts. Thus, whoever takes pleasure in civility has generally something good in him; for the civility we mean is not a mere superficial politeness—"a candy'd deal of courtesy"—the indiscriminate fawning of a spaniel—the grimace of an unctuous impostor—but a hearty wish to make others comfortable even at our own expense. Of course the wish may fail when the trial becomes severe. Civility does not necessarily imply a high degree of self-denial. It indicates that the germ of it is there—capable of expansion—and, so far as it goes, is a virtuous and wholesome habit of the mind.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

HAD any one, some five or six years ago, proposed to fill one of our large Concert Halls with an audience who, week after week, for eight months in the year, should come to hear a concert solely of chamber music, in which the performers should be simply a quartet of instrumentalists, with one, or may be two, vocalists, he would assuredly have been set down as a musical enthusiast, or as a harebrained speculator, whose speedy appearance in Basinghall-street was perfectly certain. Nevertheless, this experiment has, for the last three years, been tried with the most perfect success. Till lately, the Musical Union afforded to London amateurs the sole opportunity of hearing the stringed quartets of the great masters of music. The admirable concerts of Mr. Ella's society were, however, adapted only for the select few, and were inaccessible to the large and increasing numbers who were anxious to become acquainted with this species of musical composition. The growing taste for the higher order of instrumental music has raised up the New Philharmonic and the Musical Society of London, and has secured for them a support which shows the existence of the want they were designed to supply. Notwithstanding this increased appreciation of classical music, it was very naturally doubted whether any large number of persons could be attracted to hear and enjoy a selection of pieces of a severer kind even than the colossal symphonies and concert overtures which form the programmes of the societies we have mentioned. The success, therefore, of Mr. Chappell's enterprise is a subject of no small congratulation, since it proves that musical taste among us has so far developed as to secure large and attentive audiences for compositions which have always been looked upon as appealing only to the sympathies of the select class of practised and scientific musicians. The good effects of such long continued success, which happily gives no sign of coming to a close, must react with advantage upon the musical profession. When there is an audience ready to appreciate and applaud a particular style of composition, composers will—gradually it may be, but certainly—spring up to minister to such a taste; and in order to succeed in orchestral writing, and to leave behind him music which may have something more than a mere ephemeral existence, it is essential that a composer should be able to treat with effect a simple quartet. All solid music, as distinguished from what is merely tricky or piquant, must be based upon a correct and skilful use of the stringed quartet. Without this knowledge and without this power the composer is but half master of his orchestra, and can never hope to secure for his works more than the attention of the day. It is therefore a hopeful sign for music, that there is among us a public ready to receive and to welcome compositions which, from their severe character, are somewhat distasteful to the ambition of a young composer, since they do not afford that opportunity for display which too often dazzles and misleads him.

From the first, the elements of success in such an enterprise have been carefully studied and faithfully realised. The music admitted into the programmes has always been interesting, and of the highest order, and the artists to whom its execution has been confided have been the very best that could be heard. In turn, all the great violinists of the day have led the quartets; in turn, we have had the first pianists or pianistes for the sonata which closes the first part. The vocal music, invariably fairly sung, has generally afforded a pleasing contrast to the instrumental pieces, although occasionally songs have crept in which we could, for the character of the concerts, have wished away. The length, too, of the selections has never entailed those feelings of weariness and satiety which are too often the accompaniments of concerts in this country. Since we last noticed these admirable entertainments, one night has been devoted exclusively to the works of Beethoven, and another to those of Mozart, while on the other even-

ings the programmes have been selected from various composers. M. Sauton, till last Monday, has filled the part of first violin, while M. Vieuxtemps has been making a tour through our principal towns. Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé have been the players at the piano-forte. The violoncello has been in the hands of Signor Piatti, whose playing is perhaps the most perfect musical treat which can at the present day be enjoyed. He has lately delighted us by a sonata by Boccherini, for the first time at the Monday Concerts, and it would be difficult to say too much in praise of his performance. On Monday last M. Vieuxtemps returned to take his leave. We have too recently stated our opinion of his merits to render it necessary to enter into any detailed criticism of his playing upon this occasion. The programme consisted of one of Mendelssohn's early quartets, that in A minor, composed when he was about fourteen years old; the "Ne Plus Ultra" sonata for the piano-forte; Mozart's sonata in D major, for violin and piano-forte, and Beethoven's quartet in A major. Mendelssohn's quartet exhibits his peculiarities in a very marked manner. The third and fourth movements are very delightful; indeed the fourth narrowly escaped repetition. The last movement has always seemed to us somewhat deficient in melody, and only remarkable for the skill with which it has been worked out, when we consider that the composer was only fourteen; but the return to the solemn phrase with which the quartet opens has a very imposing effect. The sonata for the piano has a history attached to its original production. It was composed by Woelfl, to drive the writers of what have been termed "musical fireworks," out of the field. Although intended as a bravura, it yet contains an admirable allegro movement, solidly written, with some fine touches of melody. It concludes with a series of variations upon the air, "Life let us cherish." Although not an easy piece to play, the difficulties are slight compared with some of Beethoven's later sonatas, and therefore it is unnecessary to say that Miss Arabella Goddard overcame them with ease. The left hand of the performer is considerably taxed in some parts of the sonata, but the firmness and vigour with which she attacked these passages left nothing to be desired. We may here remark that the programme is henceforth to contain a detailed analysis of the sonata which ends the first part, illustrated with the leading subjects in musical type. From the manner in which this is done it cannot fail to give greater interest to the performance of the sonatas, and to enable the audience better to comprehend the design and appreciate the beauties of the composition. Miss Goddard, besides the "Ne Plus Ultra" sonata, assisted M. Vieuxtemps in the sonata for violin and piano, by Mozart, which commenced the second part. This is the sonata which Mozart composed for Mlle. Strinasacchi, one of the few ladies who have come down to us as successful players on the violin. On its first performance it was played without any rehearsal; indeed Mozart had not even committed the piano part to paper, and played it entirely from memory, or rather, almost improvised it as he went along, the general plan being all that he had previously arranged. The opening allegro is very spirited and original, the close being remarkably bold and in Mozart's best manner. The next movement, a cantabile, has not so much of that melancholy sentiment we are accustomed to associate with such movements in Mozart's sonatas, but it is still very melodious and graceful. Mr. Sims Reeves was to have been the vocalist on this occasion; but, being laid up by the east wind, he was replaced by Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who maintained the chamber character of the concert by some very delicate singing, which, however, lacked force for so large an arena as St. James's Hall. With a very sweet voice and a correct taste, Mr. Cooper only requires the addition of a little dramatic power to give him a much higher position in his profession than he has yet attained. Miss Clari Fraser also contributed two songs, which she sang in a quiet and ladylike manner; but the same remarks are equally applicable to her as to Mr. Wilbye Cooper. Perhaps her voice is not powerful enough to allow her to exert it without danger of forcing it out of tune, but we were certainly struck with an air of feebleness which seemed to pervade the vocal part of the entertainment.

Next Monday, Herr Joachim is to make his first appearance in London since 1859, and one of Beethoven's later quartets will be played. A trio, too, of Hummel's, for violin, piano, and violoncello will be given for the first time at the Monday Concerts. The concert season is just now putting forth its buds, and will soon be in full leaf. The Philharmonic commences its fiftieth season in a few days, and the Musical Society of London, young in years but old in success, holds its first concert on the 12th. The Handel Festival and the opening of the Great Exhibition will also afford, to the lovers of large choral effects, entertainments hitherto unsurpassed; so that there is every prospect of the impending season being one of considerable musical interest.

REVIEWS.

FINLAY'S HISTORY OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.*

MR. FINLAY has at last brought to its conclusion one of the most remarkable and most original works of the age. Whether his histories will ever become popular may well be doubted, but they are works which the real historical inquirer will

* *History of the Greek Revolution.* By George Finlay, LL.D., &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Son. 1861.

ever value, and it is hardly possible to conceive that they can be set aside by the works of any future author. It is not to be expected that any future writer should combine the same qualifications which are united in Mr. Finlay. As an Englishman the greater part of whose life has been spent in Greece—as an historian who has been a spectator of many of the scenes which he describes—as a scholar who was first led to study the history of the past by a wish to unravel the problems of the present—as a politician whose views of the present are constantly checked and enlightened by his knowledge of the past—Mr. Finlay stands absolutely without a rival. No Greek could have composed such a work; no other Englishman could have composed it. Living in the land, but not of it, he has had advantages above all other men, natives and foreigners alike. And, from the nature of his subject, Mr. Finlay has drawn more completely on the resources of his own mind than any other great modern writer. He has worked alone. He has devoted himself to an unpopular subject, in many parts of which he has had neither helper nor precursor. He stands alone alike in the nature of his studies and in the independence of his opinions. The solitary grandeur of Mr. Finlay's literary position has no doubt brought with it disadvantages as well as gains. But there can be no doubt that the gains immeasurably predominate. If Mr. Finlay had written in a Western capital or in a Western University, we can easily believe that some improvements in detail would have been the result. But the book would have lost a hundredfold in that native strength, that utter absence of all conventionality, which is the glory of his work. Standing perfectly alone, not seeing with the eyes of any clique or party, or even nation, Mr. Finlay has looked at everything for himself, and has judged of everything with perfect independence. Like other men, he has his faults, and his faults are neither few nor inconsiderable. But he has the greatest of all merits—in every word he speaks we listen to the independent utterance of a man who has, on his own account, a right to speak, and a right to be listened to. Whether we accept or reject his conclusions, they are at least his own—they are not the cuckoo-cry of any literary or political sect. He is something wholly different from the ordinary politician, the ordinary scholar, or the ordinary *littérateur*. He is the man who, beholding certain phenomena at his own door, has studied and written the history of two thousand years in order to explain them.

There is no writer whose works afford such a living and practical witness to the unity of history as the historian with whom we are now dealing. As we range along his vast continuous narrative, the petty distinctions of schoolists utterly fade away. "Ancient" history, "modern" history—an "ancient" period of which no man can tell the ending, a "modern" period of which no man can tell the beginning—a "fall of the Roman Empire" in A.D. 476—all such formulas of ignorance are forgotten as we behold the unbroken drama extending over seventy generations. Here is a man whose tale begins with the events of the age of Alexander—events whose results he still sees around him; while it ends with events which a man need hardly have reached middle age to remember. And in all this long range of ages, among all the changes of nations and empires and religions, there is no break, no sudden pause, no wide gap which utterly separates the past from the present. So in truth it is in all history; but of most lands the history has been written piecemeal. Of Greece under Foreign Domination we have the whole record from the hand of a single master.

It would be an easy task to find points in the plan, the execution, and the style of Mr. Finlay's work, which are fairly open to censure. But all faults of detail sink into nothing beside the inestimable gain of so great a conception steadily carried out from beginning to end by a single hand. It is a work to which we know absolutely no parallel. Mr. Finlay has, in some sort, written a Universal History, but of all men in the world he stands the farthest removed from the race of compilers who, from Diodorus onward, have cumbered the world with writings under that title. He has hardly more in common with ordinary critical historians and with ordinary contemporary historians. His position comes nearer to that of some of the greatest writers of his own adopted land. Like Polybius, he writes the history of his own time, and traces back the phenomena of his own time to their causes in the past. But while Polybius deals at most with about one hundred and fifty years, Mr. Finlay's task spread itself, as we have seen, over more than two thousand. Indeed, Mr. Finlay has often struck us as presenting many points of resemblance to the great historian of Federal Greece. There is an analogy in the nature of their subjects. There is an analogy alike in their strength and in their weakness. Each writes in a foreign land; each is at once a man of action and a man of learning; each writes partly of his own age, partly of ages which have gone before. In each we see the same rare grasp of general history, the same keenness and independence of political vision. In both again we lack something of the vivid brilliancy of some other writers, which we would fain see added to their existing merits, but on no account exchanged for any of them. And again we see in each something of the result of those temptations which beset the real political historian as distinguished from the mere scholar or antiquary. Even the stern impartiality of Thucydides seems to have failed him when he had to speak of his own enemy, Cleon. National prejudice led Polybius to depreciate the noble career of Cleomenes, and to exaggerate the sins even of the robbers of Ætolia. Mr. Finlay, too, in sharing the strength, shares also the weakness of his great prototype. Of partiality we do not accuse him—we

believe that no man is less open to the charge. But another result of the same temptation comes out very strongly in his last two volumes. Even in those which have gone before we have often remarked a certain tendency to harshness of judgment—to describing men and their actions in the worst colours. This seems to arise from a certain incapacity to throw himself into the situation of other men—no unnatural result of his own position of perfect isolation. His censures we believe to be essentially righteous, but it is a righteousness wholly untempered by mercy. When he comes to deal with men and actions which have come within his own personal knowledge, this tendency to severity reaches its height. Other men are tempted to applaud or to condemn according to the prejudices of their party or their country. Mr. Finlay has no party and can hardly be said to have a country. He is therefore tempted—and, to speak the truth, he yields to the temptation—impartially to condemn everybody.

Mr. Finlay's former volumes embraced the History of Greece under Roman, Byzantine, Frankish, Venetian, and Turkish domination. The last volume closed at the moment just preceding the War of Independence, and ended with a weighty vindication of the struggle which has secured to a part of the Greek nation the rights of an independent State.* He now goes on to describe the War of Independence itself, and continues the history of Modern Greece down to the Revolution of 1843, when Greece became a constitutional kingdom. The History of Greece under Foreign Domination then comes to an end, but not till then. For Mr. Finlay counts the first ten years of King Otho as belonging to the period of Foreign Domination. In his eyes, it was simply Bavarian domination instead of Roman or Turkish. Since 1843, the Greeks have had their destinies in their own hands, and they must be answerable for their own success or failure. But no fair person will forget, and Mr. Finlay does not forget, that the effects of this long foreign domination form a terrible clog to start with. The accumulated evils of 1989 years cannot possibly be undone in nineteen.

Mr. Finlay has accomplished the present part of his work in a manner eminently characteristic. Both the merits and the faults of his former volumes have been intensified by coming into contact with events which happened in his own time, and so large a portion of which happened under his own eye. As a composition, it is, like all Mr. Finlay's compositions, unequal. His style, always good and clear, but seldom dignified or animated, rises, far more commonly than is usual in his former volumes, into passages of really brilliant description and passages of high judicial solemnity. On the other hand, his biting and sarcastic turn, which had comparatively little scope in his earlier works, has the fullest possible play in dealing with contemporary events. There is a good deal in these volumes which, however true in substance, is in manner better suited to an ephemeral pamphlet or article than to one of the great historical works of the age. Mr. Finlay's severity rivals that of Cato the Censor. We believe this severity to be simply the austere righteousness of a judge who has no sympathy with human frailty. But the condemnation is universal. Mr. Finlay smites in all directions, and he manifestly takes a pleasure in smiting. He smites the vast majority of Greeks whom he has to mention; he smites all Bavarians without exception; he smites all Englishmen save one or two, the most prominent of which lucky exceptions is Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. He is certainly no lover of Turks, but, if he has a hero, it is to be found, strange to say, in Sultan Mahmoud. He in no way palliates his cruelties, but he labours to rescue him from the reproach of being a reckless and brutal tyrant, delighting in blood for its own sake. He is rather, in Mr. Finlay's view, a tyrant of the type of Sulla, a man of a fixed purpose and a strong will, who stuck at no crime which would serve his purpose, but who was never guilty of the frantic and aimless cruelty which is so characteristic of the vulgar race of Eastern despots.

The way in which Mr. Finlay has told the story of the War of Independence is sure to give to all Greeks everywhere an offence so natural that we cannot call it unjust. It is likely also to convey to readers unfamiliar with the man and his subject the impression that he writes as the enemy and not as the friend of Greece. Yet the offence is really undeserved—the impression would be wholly untrue. Mr. Finlay is a true friend of the Greeks, but he is a friend who deals with them on Solomon's principle of not sparing the rod. He smiteth friendly and reproveth, but his precious balms have a great tendency to break the heads on which they are poured. That his book is looked on as a libel upon Greece we are not in the least surprised to hear. It has every *prima facie* appearance of being such a libel, but it is really nothing of the kind. Mr. Finlay is severe upon Greeks, just as he is severe upon Bavarians and upon Englishmen. But his severity upon the Greeks will make an impression both upon Greek and English readers which his similar severity upon Englishmen will not make. When Mr. Finlay smites English Governments at home and English Ministers in Greece, it will pass as the Englishman's natural license of grumbling. When he smites Greek generals and Greek statesmen in the like sort, it will pass as a deliberate condemnation of the nation, which he most certainly does not intend.

Before Mr. Finlay's volumes appeared, we had formed our own estimate of the Greek Revolution from the narratives of Gordon

* See Saturday Review, June 28, 1856.

and Trikoupes. The history of Gordon is the straightforward narrative of an honest soldier. The history of Trikoupes, which we reviewed at length on its publication and on its completion*, is the work of an eloquent and patriotic Greek, but written in a remarkable spirit of fairness and with a thorough desire to apportion praise and blame where they are justly due. Between those two narratives there is no difference of any moment—the general impression produced by the two is exactly the same. And, strange as it will probably sound in Greek ears, the general impression produced on us by Mr. Finlay's history is exactly the same also. We make allowance for his tendency to paint everything in dark colours, and we dwell rather on many weighty passages scattered up and down the book which show how fully disposed he is to do essential justice to the people of whom he writes. In a book of Mr. Finlay's, one sentence of grave and evidently well-considered praise outweighs many pages of sarcasm and fault-finding. Looked at in this way, the narrative of the Greek Revolution by Mr. Finlay really differs very little from the narratives of the same event by Gordon and Trikoupes. To Trikoupes it is evident that Mr. Finlay has a great dislike, and he finds fault with him whenever he can. But his charges really come to very little, and he allows him the praises of "eloquence" and "personal integrity," and that his history is written "in a spirit of equity and good faith." Throughout his history, harsh, almost bitter, as he is towards the Greek leaders, he always does the fullest justice to the Greek people. He delights to tell us how the Revolution was thoroughly the work of the people—how, through the whole war, amid all the selfishness and divisions of the leading men, the heart of the people never failed. He dwells on the heroic perseverance, the unwearied and devoted sacrifices, of the Peloponnesian peasantry, even at times when they were as ill treated by many of their own countrymen as they could be by the Turks themselves. At the close of his work he weighs the successes and the failures of the Revolution against one another, and determines that its general results "may justly be considered by the Greeks as glorious achievements for one generation." A man who speaks in this way is not an enemy or a libeller of Greece. But we can quite understand that to Greeks he may, and that naturally and pardonably, seem to be such.

The great misfortune of the Greek Revolution was that it produced no one man of pre-eminent powers to be the chosen leader of the nation. Modern Greece has no Aratus, no William the Silent, no Washington—she has not even a Czerny George. This, in one sense, makes the Revolution still more glorious for a people which did such great things without a leader. But it is clear that with such a leader they would have done far greater things. The best men of the Revolution were found mainly in rather subordinate places. Constantine Kanares, Mark Botzares, Andrew Miaoules, Elias Mavromichales, George of Olympus, were heroes of whom any age or nation might be proud. They needed only a wider field to take their place among the deathless names of history. All of them shine forth as unsullied and as glorious in the pages of Finlay as in those of Trikoupes. At the other end of the scale come confessed traitors and scoundrels—Gogos, Odysseus, and such like. If Mr. Froude wrote the history of Modern Greece, he would probably go about to "rehabilitate" them. Mr. Finlay leaves them to their merited infamy. Between these two classes comes a much larger class than either, of men who no doubt wished well to their country, and who did her real service, but who disgraced their cause by more or less of violence, selfishness, division, and other faults and crimes. Such a wide class naturally includes very different kinds of people. It includes men who are only just better than the class of traitors; and men who only just fail of admission into the class of heroes. It takes in the whole range from Mavrokordatos to Kolokotrones. But it is in dealing with this, by far the most numerous class of actors in the Revolution, that Mr. Finlay's tendency to harsh judgment comes out. What is really pure he never defiles; what is really black he never tries to whitewash; but in the vast whity-brown class of characters, he loves to dwell on the darker rather than the brighter tint. He does not conceal what is good, but he has more pleasure in bringing out what is evil. It is easy to see how offensive this must be to the survivors, and to the friends of the survivors, of those troublous times. But Mr. Finlay only deals with Greeks as he does with Englishmen and Bavarians. He has his English hero, Hastings—a name as glorious among Philhellenes as that of Kanares among Hellenes. But Sir Richard Church fares as badly as if he were a Klepht or a primat. Gordon and Trikoupes evidently observe a sort of reticence towards a man who at least intended much for the good of Greece. Mr. Finlay tears him to pieces without mercy. How the city of Athens can contain both the warrior and the historian we do not in the least understand.

The one particular case in which Mr. Finlay does not seem to us to pronounce an essentially harsh judgment is that of Alexander Mavrokordatos. That the long career of that statesman, both during and since the Revolution, exhibited many grievous mistakes, is manifest on the surface. They were the natural mistakes of a man who had neither the advantages of a native of Greece, nor the advantages of a Western European, but who came from the very worst of schools—that of the Phanariot aristocracy of Constantinople. But against his errors we may fairly set the honour due to the one Byzantine civilian who unre-

servedly threw in his lot with the struggling people of Hellas. Mr. Finlay does not conceal his merits, but he acknowledges them, as it were, grudgingly; it is on his defects that he loves to dwell. It may have been an error in a civilian to attempt to act the part of a general; but it was surely a pardonable error in a man just chosen President of a nation struggling for existence. And whatever share he had in the disaster of Peta may be fairly looked on as wiped out by the first defence of Mesolongi.

In all our remarks thus far we would be understood as speaking of so much of Mr. Finlay's book as we have the opportunity of comparing with other narratives. On the later part of his history, where we have no Gordon and no Trikoupes to test him by, we refrain from pronouncing any opinion. We look upon it as a most important *ex parte* statement by a man who has every right to be heard—a man who, though disposed to take a harsh view of everything, is incapable of conscious unfairness, but whose account of things requires to be balanced by the accounts of those who take views opposite to his own. During part of the narrative we tried to compare Mr. Finlay with Mr. Parish's Diplomatic History of Greece, but really this last book is one which, to any one but a diplomatist, is almost impossible to read.

We have thought it so important to endeavour to set forth what we take to be the real character of Mr. Finlay's book, and we have spoken so fully of many of the events and agents in the Revolution while reviewing the history of Trikoupes, that we have left ourselves but little space for examining Mr. Finlay in detail. But we would call special attention to the beginning and the ending of the book—to the sketch of the state of Greece before the era with which it opens and to the account of the Revolution of 1843, with which it closes. One most important point in Mr. Finlay's history is that he has, for the first time, as far as we know, fully brought out the importance of the Albanian element in the Revolution. In some respects he thinks the influence of Albanians did harm. The gallantry and successes of the Souliots led the Greeks to a preference for irregular over regular troops, and thus led to much of the lack of discipline and the excesses of various kinds which so often disfigured the struggle. This is of course the usual fault of insurrectionary movements. Even William the Silent could not always prevent Spanish cruelty from being repaid in kind, and Greece, as we have seen, had no William the Silent.

That Mr. Finlay's two present volumes take a higher rank, as parts of a great continued history, than the narrative of either of his predecessors, is manifest at once. It is no discredit either to a gallant Scottish soldier or to a distinguished Greek diplomatist, to place them in this respect after one of the great historians of the world. To Gordon and Trikoupes the Greek Revolution is the whole of their subject; to Mr. Finlay it is merely the last act of a very long drama. But in the mere telling of a tale both the honest Scot and the eloquent Greek decidedly surpass Mr. Finlay. Here and there he gives some vivid and really brilliant descriptions, but his general narrative is certainly less interesting than either of the other two. Some very striking incidents, which stand out conspicuously in both the other histories, he rather strangely slurs over. Such are the catastrophe of Pezara and the passage of the ship *Ares* through the Egyptian fleet in the harbour of Pylos. The war too in Crete and Cyprus, though an essential part of the struggle, is taken hardly any notice of at all. On the other hand, the noble career of Hastings comes out more fully in Mr. Finlay than in either Gordon or Trikoupes. The mention of Hastings, evidently a dear personal friend, always raises Mr. Finlay above himself, just as Trikoupes is always raised above even the usual power of his narrative by the mention of his own city of Mesolongi.

We have spoken freely of what we consider to be grave faults in Mr. Finlay's present volumes. But on the whole they form a worthy completion of a noble work. Mr. Finlay may now fairly claim, like Heraklius, to enjoy the Sabbath of his toils; otherwise we should like to see him complete his cycle with the fates of the Greeks of Sicily and of the Ionian Islands, subjects on which he scarcely touches. But, even without such a supplement, he has achieved a work as yet unrivalled, and likely to remain so. Mr. Finlay's will perhaps always remain a name appreciated only by comparatively few. Neither his subject nor his way of dealing with it is likely to captivate the "general reader;" but he will doubtless be satisfied with the admiration of those whose admiration is really worth having. Whatever faults of detail may be found in the long range of his seven volumes, there can be no doubt that, for general grandeur of plan and for vigour and originality of execution, few historical works, even in an age rich in great historical works, can claim a higher place than the History of Greece under Foreign Domination.

WHEAT AND TARES.*

WHOEVER it was that invented the novelette was a kind friend to readers of fiction. When a novelette is really good, it is as pleasant reading for a vacant hour as can be found. Unfortunately it is not often found, for the qualities its writer must possess are comparatively rare. By a novelette we mean something distinct from a tale and a novel. Like a tale, it is short, but, unlike a tale, it is not primarily a narrative of incidents. It does not aim at the completeness of plot, the variety of matter, and the sustained representation of character which mark a good novel. It depends

* *Saturday Review*, December 6 and 13, 1856; and February 20, 1853.

* *Wheat and Tares. A Tale.* London: Saunders and Otley. 1861.

for its interest on a slight sketch of connected events, on the expression of the superficial liveliness and fun of society, and on hints at character which are suggestive but not explanatory. In order to charm, it must however be pervaded by delicacy, refined feeling, and good taste. Anything like broad farce, or vulgarity, or harrowing effects changes its character at once. The French are especially skilful in the novelette, and can go on for page after page with a wit of which the leading characteristic is an extreme neatness, while an air of good society never ceases to pervade the little world that is placed before us. In England, the *Semi-Detached House* was perhaps as good a specimen of the novelette as has appeared in recent years. The author of *Wheat and Tares* has now given a specimen quite as good, or perhaps better. It is not a book of much pretension. It is very short; there is scarcely any story in it; and although two or three of the characters are well conceived and clearly marked out, yet they do very little to interest or repel us. It is also written unequally, and the story and the style both improve as the book goes on. In some of the earlier passages the author seems to have been haunted with recollections of a bad model. But its excellences are great and rare within the range of what a novelette can be. The dialogue is unusually brilliant, natural, and easy. The fun is quiet, subtle, and continuous; and the illustrations of hidden thoughts and the shading off of the finer traits of character are at once ingenious and truthful. But, above all, it has throughout the unmistakable impress of a refined and delicate taste. The people in it who are represented as talking in drawing-rooms talk as if they really were in drawing-rooms, and not in the gilded saloons that haunt the fancy of Bohemia. The ladies are ladies, and the gentlemen are about as wise and foolish, as well-behaved and as ill-behaved, as gentlemen usually are. There runs through it also a vein of deeper and more tender feeling, which raises it above the level of a mere cabinet picture of society. All these are the great qualifications that a novelette ought to possess; and probably no one who likes novelettes will leave *Wheat and Tares* unread. Those who quarrel with novelettes for not being something more grand and elaborate, had better let this little volume lie unopened.

The author, like Mr. Trollope, devotes his attention to women and clergymen. Like Mr. Trollope, he maintains a half-friendly, half-unfriendly attitude towards those whom he depicts; and, like Mr. Trollope, he introduces specimens of the discourses and writings of the people he likes to write of. His greatest effort in the portraiture of the clergy is a certain Dean of Oldchurch. His greatest effort in imitating writing is the sketch of an article that is stated to appear in the columns of a paper called the *Chanticleer*. We cannot say how far real models have supplied the bases of these sketches. They may be the pure creations of fancy; but society would not lose if it could find originals to match them. We should like to know the Dean of Oldchurch—we should like to read the *Chanticleer*. The Dean strikes us as quite worthy of Mr. Trollope; only Mr. Trollope would have given us so much more of him, and have made him known to us in so many more points of view. The novelette is too small a canvass for this full style of painting. But the Dean is first-rate as far as he goes. He is a prodigy of ecclesiastical tact—of a man who, without direct falsehood, tries to please every one and manage every one, while at the same time he slightly sneers at them. This cannot be called an easy character to draw; it can only be drawn by contriving incidents that elicit the different colours theameleon of tact can assume, and then by saying in dialogue what under the circumstances is at once plausible, and yet true and clever enough for a man who is not a bad man and is very wide awake. The author of *Wheat and Tares* has succeeded in producing this effect, and to have succeeded in it is a great success. We particularly admire two scenes, in the first of which the Dean, in order to annoy the critic of a foolish book, manages to send away a Duchess with a notion that the book is a good one. In the second scene, the Duchess tells him that his praise of the foolish writer had so great an effect on her that she repeated it to the Prime Minister, who, on the strength of it, made the writer a Regius Professor of Theology; and the Dean has to conceal his feelings at having been the means of elevating a man whom he utterly despises. The article in the *Chanticleer* is supposed to be a criticism on this same book, and is an amusing parody of the sort of review which crushes by patronizing and by treating an author as a sort of worm with good points about him. Very often this is the best way of wiping out a bad book; but it naturally lays the critic open to a little playful animadversion on the position of lofty superiority he assumes. If the imitation had been stupid, it would have been a severe drawback to the book, for such imitations are dreadfully heavy when they fail; but in *Wheat and Tares* the imitation is amusing, and has evidently given great amusement to its author.

As we have said, this book is not all pleasantry. There is pathos in it, and a scorn of baseness, and much of the philosophy of melancholy content. A man who respects himself cannot bear to write a story without allowing his finer qualities and his deeper thoughts to appear, and it is this higher range which gives its salt to the novelette, and prevents its being merely funny. We ought not to weigh very narrowly the measure in which this salt is meted out. A writer, and especially an enthusiastic writer, is liable to the temptation of having his say out when he has a chance. Opinions will probably differ as to whether the author of *Wheat and Tares* has exceeded the proper limits. His chief machinery for getting in the higher and better aspect of things is the story of the loves of a young lady, who is queenly magnificent and impetuous, and of a modest athlete of a middle-aged barrister, cut closely after the War-

ington type. They go on in a very nice, grand, high and mighty flirtation, and things are looking bright until a slight misunderstanding arises, and they separate. The lady discovers she has been in error, writes a note of reconciliation, and the messenger brings back word that the lover has just died of cholera. This gives room for one of the best-written passages in the book—one describing the subsequent life and behaviour of the repentant and bereaved girl. Perhaps, therefore, the poor man has not died in vain. But still we cannot help doubting whether so sudden and tremendous a stroke as killing off a hero with cholera is quite in keeping with the proper character of a novelette. The poor wretch is condemned to sink under the tortures of that disease in order that the character of his mistress may be improved. In a novel where character had been worked out through many incidents and in various ways, the frightful sacrifice of life might have been held justified by its moral effects. In a story like *Wheat and Tares* we are not prepared for so sudden a shock to our feelings. The misunderstanding that has separated the lovers is too trivial, and too certain to terminate before long, for its rectification to be rendered impossible by this awful catastrophe. It is true that in a novelette the fate and characters of the people introduced are not the chief points of interest. We do not much care whether this lover lives or dies but for that very reason we are only slightly moved by his fortunes, too great an amount of mournfulness ought not to be brought to bear suddenly upon us.

The great merit of the book is undoubtedly in its dialogue. The conversation is more like conversation, and yet amusing and brisk, than appears in one novel in a hundred. The things the people say, are all what any set of pleasant relations and friends at a watering-place might say to each other; but they are always entertaining, and generally contribute directly to our knowledge of the character of the speaker. The only objection we can find to the dialogue is that every one in it seems able to quote Italian at a moment's notice, which, so far as we know, is rather beyond the capacity of ordinary society. Extracts from good dialogues are always rather unfair, because the best points often have reference to incidents that have gone before, or traits of character we are supposed to understand already. But a specimen of the Dean's conversation may perhaps be found that will not do him much injustice, and will serve to show the stuff the book is made of. In the following conversation the Dean is discussing with Miss Betty Raffish, a naughty but clever old lady, the foolish book by Atherton, afterwards Regius Professor, and the article on it in the *Chanticleer*:—

"Whoever wrote it is certainly not an angel in temper."

"Certainly not," said the Dean; "the *Chanticleer* possesses the faculty of using strong language to a degree that is quite gratifying to contemplate. I am informed all the wild beasts of the establishment are kept chained up in separate dens, and have authors tossed into them between the bars, and no one but the most determined able editors dare go near them."

"There's a well-trained malevolence about it that is positively refreshing," said Betty. "When I come into the cathedral late on Sunday mornings, Mr. Dean, you may always know I have hit upon something unusually vicious and agreeable, and have been enjoying it over my chocolate."

"It is just as well you should not come till after the abolition," said the Dean; "I might feel embarrassed in pronouncing it in your presence."

"If you are not polite, I won't come at all. I'll patronise some of the Dissenters. I have a great mind to become a Swedenborgian along with the Curator, and spend my Sundays between mysticism and butterflies."

"No, no; we can't afford to lose you! I shall have you reviewed in the *Chanticleer*."

"God forbid!" said Betty. "If it once took me in hand, I should never have any more peace."

"I don't suppose you would. That's one of its weaknesses. If its sarcasm has a fault, it is its profusion. It's one of those very good things that one does not like to have too much of, like Curaçoa."

"Or Lord Buzzington's conversation," said Betty, taking a look through her glass in the direction of that ponderous peer, who was prosing the Duchess into a comfortable after-dinner nap.

"Ah," said the Dean, "poor Lord Buzzington has a sad time of it in the *Chanticleer*. I do not in the least sympathize. He is tedious, certainly; but you know we are none of us perfect, except, of course, Miss Raffish. For my part, I look upon him as a national institution. I am a Buzzingtonite, and should no more think of being irreverent or funny about him than I should about the Bank of England, or the Channel fleet, or our Bishop here, or any other great, solemn, respectable fact."

"I dare say not," said Betty, with an innocent look. "Well, I agree with you—Lord Buzzington is my particular pet, and the next time I am in town I intend to stop my carriage and send my footman to have his shoes cleaned by one of the Royal Blacking Brigade, just in order to show my approval of aristocratic philanthropy."

LIFE OF SIR ISAMBARD BRUNEL.*

SIR ISAMBARD BRUNEL was born at Hachueville in Normandy in 1769, the year of the births of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. In early boyhood he gave proofs of that mechanical ingenuity to which he owes his fame. His father desired to educate him for the Church, with a view to his holding a small living, and many were the struggles and sorrows of the boy before he obtained leave to follow the prompting of his own genius. It is said that, when a boy, Brunel's curiosity was excited by seeing at Rouen the boilers of a steam-engine which had been brought from England. When his eager questions what these boilers were and whence they came had been answered, he exclaimed, in unconscious prophecy of the course of his after-life, "Ah! quand je serai grand, j'irai voir ce

* *Memoir of the Life of Sir Marc Isambard Brunel, Civil Engineer, Vice-President of the Royal Society, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. &c.* By Richard Beamish, F.R.S. London: Longmans, 1862.

pays-la." His father having been prevailed on to allow him to relinquish classics and to apply himself to more congenial studies, he was so fortunate as to attract at Rouen the notice of the Minister of Marine, who named him "Volontaire d'honneur," and thus prepared the way for his admission into the French navy. He was at sea six years, chiefly in the West Indies. On his return to France early in 1793, his Royalist opinions exposed him to such danger, first at Paris and afterwards at Rouen, that he determined to seek refuge in America. After embarking, he found that he had forgotten the passport which he had with difficulty obtained. It was certain that the ship would be examined by any French cruiser she might meet, and that Brunel, having no passport, would be arrested. In this emergency, he called his constructive talent to his aid, and forged a passport which answered its purpose excellently. Amid the agitation of that troublous time at Rouen, he had fallen in love with a young English lady, Miss Sophia Kingdom, who had come there to visit friends of her mother and to acquire the French language, and who escaped, after a long detention, from the midst of perils to which those who sent her to France in 1792 appear to us, looking back as we can now do on history, to have been curiously insensible. Brunel was at this time twenty-four years old, and Miss Kingdom was sixteen. The attachment which sprang up between them endured through years of separation, and was crowned by their happy marriage. It was Brunel's often-expressed conviction that he owed to this lady's influence all the success which he subsequently achieved. Miss Kingdom was allowed to return to England, while Brunel sought first in the United States a field for the genius which he must have begun to feel that he possessed. He laboured there nearly six years, and, if he had done little else, he had, at any rate, made known his abilities to friends who could be useful to him in England. In 1799 he came to that country which he afterwards served so well, and the history of the remaining fifty years of his active and useful life is the history of those wonderful mechanical improvements by which the comforts and conveniences of life and the sources of national prosperity have been so largely multiplied. The ingenuity and industry of Brunel, stimulated as they were by the hope of winning that "belle main" which he had admired six years before, soon began to procure for him such a measure of employment as made the realization of his cherished hope possible. He was married to Miss Kingdom in the same year in which he came to England.

The genius of Brunel, however, was far more capable of creating national prosperity than of establishing his own private fortune. His mind teemed with beautiful and original conceptions, but it is not surprising that it should have lacked the humbler qualities which might have made those conceptions profitable. He took out a great number of patents, and attempted, in conjunction with various persons, to work those patents so as to gain for himself the pecuniary advantages which his inventions were certain to yield to somebody. He was always going to get rich, and he was almost always poor, and sometimes seriously embarrassed. Some of his associates preferred their own interest to his, and others neglected alike his interest and their own. Money which he received from the English Government for great and poorly-requited services was swallowed up in speculations which began brilliantly, and ended as it might have been expected that they would end unless Brunel had been at once a consummate man of business and one of the ablest mechanists that the world has seen. His embarrassments at one time reached such a point that he was imprisoned for debt. His release was effected at the national expense, by an arrangement which the Duke of Wellington took an active part in bringing about. The assistance thus afforded to Brunel had been most amply earned by him. It is, indeed, hardly possible to exaggerate the value of the various inventions by which he economized manual labour, and thus facilitated the operations and diminished the expenditure of the national dockyards. At the time when he erected his machinery for making blocks, it was barely practicable to supply by hand the demands of the Royal Navy, and, amid the urgent necessities of war, the cost of that supply was scarcely thought of. By Brunel's ingenuity the supply was made easily equal to the demand; and as his remuneration for this service was estimated by taking an account of the first year's saving effected by his process, we may be sure that this saving was not exaggerated. The block-making machinery remains to this day unchanged and in unimpaired efficiency—a beautiful monument of the mechanical skill of that Frenchman to whom the English navy owes so large a debt of gratitude.

The work by which posterity will best know Brunel is, however, the Thames Tunnel. His biographer possesses, for this part of his task, the valuable qualification of having been the assistant of the elder Brunel, and the associate of the younger, in the execution of the Tunnel works. This enterprise disappointed calculation alike through the enormous difficulties which it encountered, and the inconsiderable utility of the result. Who, let us ask, now traverses the Thames Tunnel except in the course of seeing the sights of London? Carriage approaches have never been constructed, and foot-passengers are, we believe, very few. It was as a school of practical engineering, and as an example of ingenuity and perseverance, that the Tunnel may be said to have repaid the outlay on it. And yet nothing is more certain than that this work, of which the commercial value is now so small, was long and earnestly desired for commercial purposes. Capital had been subscribed and spent, and works had been commenced and abandoned, before the general confidence in Brunel's skill called into existence the association of

which the financial career was so unfortunate. The Company was formed in 1824, and the capital actually subscribed for the work was 180,000*l*. The first report addressed to the subscribers stated, as the result of borings in the bed of the river, that there had been found "a stratum of strong blue clay of sufficient depth to insure the safety of the intended tunnel." These borings were not made by Brunel, nor does it appear that they were made under his direction. It turned out most unhappily that the essential condition of success by the expenditure of anything like the sum subscribed had been assumed rather than proved to exist. The "stratum of strong blue clay" of the required depth was imaginary, and, in point of fact, a large part of the work had to be excavated in watery sand, which was capable, at any moment of carelessness or misfortune, of admitting the full volume of the river's water to drown the works and workmen. The greater were the difficulties of the enterprise, the more splendidly did the genius and patience of Brunel appear in struggling with them; but if these difficulties could have been foreseen at the outset, the Thames Tunnel perhaps would never have been undertaken. The beautiful contrivance of the "shield," by which the shifting soil of the river-bed was supported until the excavation could be lined with brickwork, was as familiar five-and-twenty years ago to the public mind and eye as is the *Great Eastern* steamship at this moment. The conception of this shield was obtained by Brunel from studying the machinery and method of working of the *teredo navalis*, an insect which destroys ship timber by eating its way into it. Brunel's attention was attracted to this insect's operations in the course of his employment to erect saw-mills and other valuable works at Chatham Dockyard. The shield answered its purpose admirably, and it is probable that if Brunel could have been allowed to proceed with the work at his own pace, and with all the precautions which his experience suggested, no serious accident would have occurred. But financial difficulties caused the work to be starved and hurried. The labour and anxiety of supervision overtasked the physical and mental powers of Brunel and his few assistants. The river burst into the Tunnel, drowning several workmen, and extinguishing the slender, flickering hope of completing it from the resources of the Company. The work was suspended from the occurrence of this calamity, in 1828, to 1835, when it was resumed at the national expense, and it was completed in 1842. The author of the book before us may well be proud of the part which he bore with the two Brunels in their skilful and courageous warfare with the mighty Thames. If he had continued in what he tells us was his original profession, and had shared in some of the most famous campaigns of British armies, he could have no higher pride in looking back from his retirement upon a faithful and energetic career of service. For, indeed, the triumphs of civil engineering are worthy to compare with those of war, inasmuch as they have been won by the same qualities of fertility in resource, boldness, patience, and obedience to the call of duty; and among those triumphs it has been agreed by England and the world that there is none greater than the Thames Tunnel.

In constructing the shaft from which the Tunnel was to start, Brunel adopted the remarkable plan of building a cylinder of brickwork forty-two feet high, and sinking it gradually into the earth as the excavation proceeded under it. The necessity for this method of operation arose from the shifting character of the soil through which the shaft had to be sunk. The Chairman of the Company pronounced the shield unnecessary, although nothing is more certain than that the work would have been impossible without it. Even the protection of the shield was to a great extent neutralized by the resolution of the directors to employ piece-work—that is, to encourage progress without looking sufficiently to precaution. "The extraordinary energy, ability, and enthusiasm of his son," who became resident engineer at the works when only twenty years of age, afforded support and consolation to Brunel under many trials, difficulties, and disappointments. When about 540 feet of the excavation had been completed, the directors resolved to eke out their dwindling capital by admitting the public into the Tunnel at a shilling a head. It may be judged how Brunel's anxiety must have been enhanced by contemplating the possibility of the River Thames adding itself to the crowd of visitors. It was now the spring of 1827, when the appearance in the shield of stones, brickbats, and pieces of crockery indicated that a dangerous part of the river-bed had been reached. "After many applications from Brunel to the directors, the hire of a diving-bell was conceded," and an examination made. One might have thought, if the contrary did not appear, that the directors would have allowed, and even required, the frequent use of a diving-bell to form an essential part of the proceedings from the outset. The ground proved so loose that an iron rod could be pushed down from the diving-bell to the shield; and a shovel which was dropped out of the bell and made its appearance in the shield, gave even stronger warning of impending danger. At five o'clock in the morning of the 18th of May, as the tide rose, "the ground seemed as though it were alive." There were bursts of diluted silt, which, however, subsided as the tide ebbed. In the evening, when the flood-tide returned, the same disturbance of the ground was felt. A removal of the "poling-boards" of one of the compartments of the shield, in order to push that compartment forward, admitted such a flood of slush and water as fairly to wash the miners out of the shield. The author, who was then on duty, says that he made an effort to re-enter the frames, calling upon the miners to follow him; "but I was only answered by a roar of water which long continued to resound in my ears." He saw that the

case was hopeless, ordered the men to the shaft and followed them, groping his way and staggering among floating timber and water, which had now risen to his waist. He reached the bottom of the shaft and turned. "The spectacle which presented itself will not readily be forgotten. The water came on in a great wave. . . . The pent air rushed out; the lights were suddenly extinguished, and the noble work, which only a few short hours before had commanded the homage of an admiring public, was consigned to darkness and solitude." Next day an examination was made with the diving-bell, and a hole was found in the river-bed exposing the works so completely that it was possible for the explorer to place his feet upon the shield and brickwork. But neither shield nor brickwork yielded to the pressure on them. The hole was stopped, the water was pumped out of the shaft and tunnel, the soil which had been washed in was cleared away, and the work was resumed with augmented confidence of the engineer in his method of procedure, but amid ever-growing embarrassment of the Company. Unhappily, the eagerness to push forward the work now occasioned some neglect of the precautions which experience had shown to be indispensable. The ground was opened—that is, some of the "poling-boards" were moved—when the tide was rising on the morning of the 12th January, 1828. The water again burst in, and this second accident was far more calamitous than the first, inasmuch as it cost six lives. The younger Brunel, who was on duty at the shield, escaped with great difficulty to the shaft. On reaching it he found one staircase blocked by a crowd of flying workmen; he turned to another, and it was already closed by the rising water. "He had no alternative but to abandon himself to the tremendous wave, which, in a few seconds, bore him on its seething and angry surface to the top of the shaft." The same means which had before been so successful were again employed to stop the hole and clear the work, but in the following month of July operations were entirely suspended through the exhaustion of the funds of the Company. After several years' delay, Government was induced to undertake to make an advance, which amounted in the whole to nearly 250,000*l.*, to complete the work. Operations were resumed at the beginning of 1835, and after repeated incursions of the river, the Tunnel was completed at the end of 1842.

The Tunnel was the last important work in which Brunel was occupied. Advancing age, and the strain which his mind had undergone, now obliged him to seek repose. He lived to enter upon his eighty-first year, and to witness the completion of many of those splendid railway works in which the kindred genius of his son found scope which was denied to him. His career formed part of the earlier and feebler efforts of engineering science, while his son had a conspicuous share in its full development. They were strikingly alike in the high standard of perfection which both aimed at in all their works. In another point they were very different. The father was, as we have seen, a Frenchman; but it will probably be agreed by all who knew the son, that he was emphatically an Englishman. It is curious to observe that the father had declared his opinion that steam-ships would not do for distant voyages, and the son became the engineer of the *Great Eastern*. The father died in 1849, and within ten years the son's energetic life had likewise terminated.

THE HISTORY OF THE DANCE.*

THERE is no art so fallen from its high estate as that of dancing. A formal history of it seems now-a-days almost a curiosity of literature, to be compared only to a History of Pitch and Toss, or a Treatise on Aunt Sally. It is difficult to imagine that the uncomfortable struggle with overpowering numbers, in which the frequenters of London balls spend their evenings, is the representative of an art which boasts of an ancient pedigree and many renowned professors. M. Czerwinski details, with all the ardour which belongs to the staunch votary of a decaying cause, the former glories of his now neglected study; and many might be added to those that he has collected. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Epaminondas*, were distinguished dancers in their day. *Socrates* and *Plato* not only danced themselves, but applied very unpolite language to those who were too ignorant to follow their example. The instances of *David* and the daughter of *Herodias* show the influence the art had among the Jews. Nor did it lose its favour with the early Christians, among whom so much of Jewish thought and feeling survived. *Gregory Thaumaturgus* introduced it into divine service. *St. Basil* strongly recommends the art to his hearers, telling them that it will be their principal occupation in heaven, and therefore they had better practise it betimes on earth. *Scaliger* even deduces from the custom of employing it in divine service the name of *presules*, which was given to the bishops—deriving it a *presiliendo*, from the fact of their "skip-ping first," or being foremost in the dance at the head of their clergy. It is a thousand pities that this edifying practice of the Primitive Church has been discontinued in our degenerate day. That peculiar moral malady which may best be described as "white-cravatism," and which commits such fearful ravages among our more dignified clergy, would be an impossibility if the bishops were bound in virtue of their office to skip round their cathedrals, footing it at the head of a well-trained *corps de ballet* of rural deans. The only instance of a similar performance on the part of great ecclesiastical dignitaries in modern times is

furnished by the anecdote recorded, on the apocryphal authority of *Bourgoing*, of the trial of the fandango before the Roman consistory. It was resolved that this seductive dance was a disgrace to so religious a land as Spain, and must be prohibited to the faithful. The consistory was assembled; the excommunication was drawn up; the solemn sanction was on the point of being appended which was to have sent every fandango dancer to the cells of the Inquisition, when one of the cardinals suggested that no one ought to be condemned unheard, and that, before the excommunication was launched, the cardinals ought to witness for themselves that which they were going to condemn. The suggestion appeared sound, and a couple of skilful Spanish dancers were sent for to perform in the sacred presence. The dancers came, and began their performance. But the austerity of the assembled divines was not proof against the charms of the exhibition which they had met to proscribe. As its successive fascinations were unfolded, their ascetic countenances lightened up, they rose mechanically from their seats, their limbs involuntarily obeyed the spell of the music, and before many minutes were over the whole consistory were personally attesting the merits of the fandango. Such is *Bourgoing's* story. It must be confessed that the cardinals must have been very impressive, if they were so much enchanted with the amusement of dancing the fandango with each other. Whether that famous measure would have attained its marvellous popularity if the part the young lady bears in it had always been enacted by an old priest, the sceptic may be permitted to doubt. But grave laymen of modern times, though they may not have been exactly convicted of dancing the fandango, have not disdained the art that now lies so low. *Sir John Davies* wrote a very long poem in its favour, not destitute of grace, and full of quaint Elizabethan conceits. Considering the very edifying tendency of the rest of *Sir John Davies'* poetry, his metrical approval may be taken to be almost as good a testimonial as if it had occurred in a sermon. The story is an old one how *Sir Christopher Hatton* attained, literally in one jump, the dignity to which *Lord Westbury* has had to labour through a long and laborious career, less pleasant though not less mazy. *Locke* advised that every child should be taught to dance as an indispensable part of education. *Sully* was a great dancer himself, and *Richelieu* used to pay his court to *Anne of Austria* by performing a saraband before her in a jester's dress of green velvet, with bells on his feet and castanets in his hand. If any or all of these worthies could revisit the earth, how little would they recognise as dancing the ungainly shuffle which is the lineal representative of their stately gambadoes! It is melancholy that such a long line of illustrious sanctions should have descended to so degenerate an heir. It is possible that, for the sake of keeping their places, *Sully* or *Richelieu* would have consented to hold on by a young lady's waist and perform a tetotum movement upon their own axis, enveloped in the folds of her superfluous tarlatan—which is the modern form of the exercise in which they excelled; for the movement is one with which politicians are familiar. It is possible too that the College of Cardinals might have preferred it to the austere delights of their unisexual fandango. But we may safely assume that *St. John the Baptist* would have lived to a respected old age, if *Herodias's* daughter had had nothing more graceful wherewith to entertain her step-father's guests; and that *St. Basil* would never have deterred his congregation from the paths of virtue by holding up to them an eternity of such an exercise as their reward. In fact, if *Dante* had lived to enjoy our experience of new varieties of human misery, doing tetotum for ever in a hot room would have furnished a suitable circle in the *Inferno* for fashionable sinners.

The historical sketch given by *M. Czerwinski* of the various fortunes of dancing in different nations gives a tolerably clear view of the causes of the decline and fall of the art. Two natural tendencies have conduced to form the passion for dancing which has existed in almost every known race. One is the superabundance of animal spirits which, in healthy, hot-blooded people, is apt to find its vent in superfluous agility, and of course is all the more powerful under the excitement of music. This is the lower and more animal instinct, which savages, and to a certain extent even brutes, share with civilized men. But among the cultivated nations of antiquity there was a more noble incentive, which not only made the dance popular, but brought it into the esteem of grave and learned sages. This was the love of pantomimic representation. It belonged to the same class of mental impulses as the passion for symbolism, and for representation in all its forms, dramatic and artistic, which has characterized every race that has emerged in ever so slight a degree from barbarism, but which appears to wear off in the later stages of civilization. The dances of the ancient world took their character from this taste. They were far from being a mere display of muscle, like a modern reel or country dance. They generally represented something. They embodied a thought—not merely a desire to kick. Some were religious, some martial, some comic, some erotic, some mythological. But the character of these ancient dances has disappeared, and a new ingredient has made its appearance in our modern dances which has swallowed all the others up. The pantomimic element has absolutely vanished. The martial symbolism disappeared first, the religious next—leaving the *Corpus Christi* dances in the Cathedral of *Seville* as its solitary relic; and the erotic, which held its ground very obstinately for a long time to the great detriment of morality, has also at last given way. Our dances now represent nothing. If the quadrille be

* *Geschichte der Tanzkunst*. Von *Albert Czerwinski*. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

analyzed scientifically, some faint reminiscence of an erotic meaning may be traced. But it is a dead form. No one who dances it is in the least degree conscious why he shuffles his feet one way at one time and another way at another time—if indeed he does not content himself with a promiscuous shuffling which is directed no way in particular. On the other hand, the modern dances contain an element which was conspicuous from its absence in the ancient dances. What Mr. Spurgeon would term “promiscuous” dancing, which is the very essence of the modern exercise, was wholly wanting, or only accidentally present, in the ancient. In other words, dancing was not practised, as now, chiefly for the gratification of the impulse which, to use the most presentable term, we must call the “flirting” impulse. As a mere matter of aesthetics, it suited the *spectacle* better to keep the sexes apart. Even the erotic dancing, of which there was abundance, did not necessitate dancing by pairs—as the nautch-girls in India remain to show. But it is, no doubt, from this class of pantomimic dances that the modern flirt-dance descends. As the æsthetic element weakened, the natural impulse regained its predominance; and the dances which were originally only representative of love-making, lost their dramatic character, and became the thing itself. Wherever the taste for dancing has taken the form of dancing by partners, the element of the flirt-dance has made its way. For a long time this natural tendency was checked by the forms of a ceremonial age. The keenest taste for flirting could not find much to satisfy its appetite in a minuet. At least the dose was homœopathic compared to that which is administered by a waltz. But now, in our time, all the higher elements of the dance have passed away. Both the pantomime and the ceremonial have absolutely disappeared. Nothing artistic, nothing graceful, nothing suggestive is left. Nothing remains but the two motives of lowest origin, the love of kicking, and the love of flirting. The exercise has no longer the slightest claim to the “manliness” and “perfect graceful carriage” which recommended it in Locke’s eyes, or to the “comely order and proportion fair” which Sir John Davies celebrates in such enthusiastic stanzas. A modern quadrille or waltz savours more of the spectacle he represents the dance to have been devised to correct:—

A rude disordered rout he did espy
Of men and women that most spitefully
Did one another throng and crowd so sore
That his kind eye in pity wept therefore.

At the same time there is compensation in every evil. The Anglo-Saxon race is a lazy race except in matters of business, with much of the Dutchman’s combination of diligence and phlegm. The prolixities of courtship—which to a medieval Troubadour or Minnesinger were in themselves an enjoyment—are a trial to the practical young men of the present day. If they try to win a fair one’s heart with their tongues, they are often, like Rosalind’s lover, “gravelled for lack of matter.” A short and easy method of making love, decorous and yet effectual, is indeed a godsend to them. The dance places all suitors on a level. Talking is a gift denied to many elder sons; but the languid gymnastics of the ball-room are within the reach of the meanest understanding. If conversation runs dry, it is always easy to squeeze. Besides, the interests of the dowagers, one of the most suffering classes in the community, must be remembered. How could horses be got rid of if there were no fairs? or daughters if there were no balls? If the dance, therefore, has lost all that once rendered it worthy of a Muse’s guardianship, we must at least concede that it has acquired a commercial value which it never enjoyed in the earlier ages of the world.

HISTORY OF SPAIN.*

AMONG the evidences which have recently appeared of reviving energy in the Spanish nation and its literature, notice is due to the *General History of Spain* by Modesto Lafuente. Before his appearance as an historian, Lafuente was well known as the writer of a political newspaper, in the singular form of dialogue, which was published in Madrid under the fictitious name of “Fray Gerundio de Campazas,” during the last civil war, and which continued to be published for some time after the expulsion of Don Carlos from the Peninsula. Lafuente had acquired in this way a certain amount of celebrity and popularity, though, while he professed to belong to the Liberal or Progresista party, not a few suspected the sincerity of his political principles. Indeed, he betrayed early enough his virulent hatred of the most essential condition of true liberty. We allude to that outbreak of fierce intolerance, worthy of the days of Torquemada, which appeared in one of the numbers of his newspaper, on account of some copies of the New Testament in Spanish having been found in Cadiz at the end of the year 1837, or in the beginning of 1838. It seems that these copies, thanks to the questionable liberalism of the numerous *Gerundios* with whom the political world in Spain still abounds, had been concealed, to save them from seizure in that city, and damaged by mice in the place of their concealment. “What a pity,” said Fray Gerundio (that is to say, Modesto Lafuente), commenting on this incident—“that the tooth of the mouse by which those books were gnawed should not have been employed in gnawing the heartstrings of their distributor.” No

wonder that the same man should, some time afterwards, level personal insults, in the same newspaper, against some of the leading members of the Liberal party who dissented more or less from his peculiar views. No wonder, again, that he should make, as member of the Cortes in 1854, a vigorous and obstinate opposition to the proposed fundamental law in favour of religious tolerance. However, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, he determined to turn his literary talents, which are undoubtedly considerable, to a more important object than that of amusing the people with jokes in his newspaper, and undertook the serious task of preparing a new general history of Spain, in which, among some plausible dashes of historical severity and candour, we must confess we see pretty well exhibited the tendencies of the writer already known as “Fray Gerundio de Campazas,” and as Modesto Lafuente, member of the Cortes. We are left in no doubt as to the special reasons of his having received great and lucrative rewards from Her Catholic Majesty, for the service rendered to Catholicism by his History. The work is on a colossal scale, amounting already to twenty-four volumes, though it is not yet quite completed. According to a practice which is now becoming common, the volumes are published separately, and bear different dates from 1850 to 1858. A work of such magnitude, and one which, from the honours bestowed by the Crown upon its author, may be said to have almost a national character, challenges attention. The book is already beginning to take its place in our great libraries as the standard history of Spain. There is, in fact, no other general history. Under such circumstances, the work is likely to be of great importance for good or evil, in forming the character of the revived Spanish nation.

To Mariana belongs, indeed, the honour of having been the first who attempted to endow his country with a general history; and he will always deserve the gratitude of his countrymen for having undertaken the task of putting in order such a vast stock of scattered materials as there were even in his time. His History is written with extraordinary elegance of style: but, not to mention other deficiencies, it extends only to the commencement of the sixteenth century. Lafuente has not contented himself with continuing Mariana. “It is not enough,” he says, “to repair the old building by making modern additions to it; it is necessary to build anew, saving a due respect for that which is old and worthy of veneration.” Be it so. But in order to preserve due respect for that which is old and venerable, was it necessary, or consistent with the character of a truthful historian in the present day, to take for granted, and to represent as unquestionable, statements of Mariana which are about upon a par, in point of authenticity, with the legends in the early books of Livy? Was it necessary to repeat, as historical facts, that James the Apostle visited Spain, and that, after his death at Jerusalem, some of his Spanish disciples brought his body to Galicia—“Providence having permitted the place of its burial to remain unknown for eight centuries, to the end that its marvellous discovery might give days of joy to the Spanish Church, and days of glory to the Christian people?”

It is one of the objections made by Lafuente to the History of Mariana, that it relates a number of fables, vulgar errors, and absurd traditions—so many, that its author found it necessary to make the confession *plura transcribo quam credo*. But Lafuente did not think proper (of course out of respect for the old and venerable) to confess so much, though he has followed Mariana’s example in relating fables and traditions of the most vulgar kind, speaking of them as though they were matters of grave history, and giving us with the utmost formality even the stupendous case of the “Cross of the Angels.” To be sure, he just throws in the saving words, “The chronicles and legends say.” Now, the word *legenda*, according to the dictionary of the Spanish Academy, means *any history or matter to be read*, of course either false or true. To this extent only, and not always even to this extent, he allows the questionable character of doubtful facts to appear, though he professes to have written “for those who require to be guided, and who have no time to meditate upon the facts and deduce the consequences;” and he moreover “considers as insufficient the history which is simply limited to the statement of events.” He, however, makes up for this by a studied caution and reserve in certain cases, while, in others more suitable to his views or to the taste of his readers and partisans, he shows an extraordinary fluency. He does not trouble himself, for instance, to give any detailed account of the condition of the Spanish Church during the domination of the Romans. But he expatiates with great prolixity on Arabia and her climate, the life, manners, and religion of the primitive Arabians, and the birth, education, and preaching of Mahomet; and, not content with giving us twenty-two pages on these matters at the beginning of the third volume, he dedicates sixteen pages more in the tenth chapter of the same book to informing us in what consisted the religion of the Mahometans, and giving us an account of the Koran in a dogmatic, civil, and military point of view. We doubt the necessity, and even the expediency, of inserting such extensive and detailed information on these points into a general history of Spain. These episodes, not unfrequent in the work of Lafuente, form also a rather striking contrast with his laconism in speaking of the Mozarabic Liturgy, “esteemed formerly by the Spanish people as the symbol of their glories.” He says that “it was abolished by Alphonso VI., as the first step towards introducing into the church and kingdom of Castile the doctrine of the universal sovereignty of the Popes,” but not a word is added to throw light

* *Historia General de España*. Par Don Modesto Lafuente, de la Real Academia de la Historia. Vols. i.—xxiv.

on the contents of that precious memorial of ecclesiastical antiquity. Perhaps he had not anything better to say; and yet, instead of being so particular in describing the Koran, it would have been far more suitable to a History of Spain to introduce a fair and systematic account of her ancient Church, and to examine and describe its state and discipline as Gotho-Spanish, and afterwards as Mozarabic down to the loss of its independence.

A history of Spain without any disguise or mutilation is more than could be expected from such a man. It is, unfortunately, more than can be expected at present in that country, where, though ecclesiastical abuses have been partially reformed, and the spirit of active persecution has sunk into an apathetic bigotry, certain historical truths and their obvious application would incur the prohibition of the censor. This it is, and not what M. Lafuente says in his general preface, (page vi.) that has deterred, and still deters from that literary enterprise, some Spaniards of superior talents, and in every respect qualified for the undertaking. Most likely none of these men would have endeavoured to represent as doubtful, as does M. Lafuente in the fourth volume, the well-known fact that none of the Gotho-Spanish kings ascended the throne by right of succession. But since M. Lafuente has shown himself so diligent in attempting to darken historical truth on this point—perhaps in order to exalt, at the expense of the ancient rights of his people, the antiquity of the hereditary principle in Spain—why was he not equally careful to take notice in his History of certain important prerogatives enjoyed by the Gotho-Spanish kings in those times? They had power to pass sentence upon matters of religion and discipline; it was also their prerogative to establish a tribunal of justice for enforcing the execution of canonical decisions; they possessed the right to appoint bishops, to convoke councils, and to sanction their decrees, and, as patrons of the Church, to examine and definitively to decide in ecclesiastical suits. All these things, with some reference to the thirteenth Council of Toledo, in which was acknowledged the control and authority of the King in matters of religion and discipline, would have appeared worth mentioning to any zealous Spaniard, as a record of the complete independence formerly enjoyed by the State and the Church of his country.

M. Lafuente's views on many of these points are too consistent with the political opinions which he entertained before he became an historian. We shall produce here only a few specimens. Speaking of Isabel, Queen of Castile, he says (vol. xi., p. 59)—"In examining the life of Isabella, from her cradle at Madrigal to her sepulchre at Medina del Campo, and seeing that in the light of the most scrupulous investigation no act of her public or private life is discovered but of piety and virtue, we heartily regret not to be able to add to so many glorious titles the most honourable and venerable of all, and we do not comprehend how it is that the name of Queen Isabella of Castile is not found in the catalogue of the elect, beside those of St. Hermengilda and St. Fernando." "We never failed to find in Isabella," he says in page 58, "the religious principle in perfect correspondence with the practical exercise of the evangelical virtues in all their extent, and without any mixture of hypocrisy." We are far from depreciating the excellences of that worthy Queen, but we do not know how to reconcile the words of Don Modesto with her having been the foundress—even though the somewhat reluctant foundress—of the Inquisition in Spain. Since M. Lafuente knows how to harmonize the exercise of the evangelical virtues in all their extent with the establishment of the Inquisition, it is as difficult for us confidently to acquiesce in his encomiums in this case, as it is easy to disregard altogether his shallow and vulgar criticism on the moral character of Luther and his intellectual capacity.

In volumes xi. and xii., we have an elaborate and well-digested account of the long reign of Charles V., including the particulars of his last days in the monastery of Yuste. "We confess," declares M. Lafuente, in his Preliminary Dissertation, p. 133, "that the reign of Charles V. produces in us admiration, but does not fill us with enthusiasm. Great men and great deeds excite our admiration, but they only fill us with enthusiasm who render great services to their kind." "We will follow him in our work," Lafuente adds, "to his last moments, to his exemplary religious and Christian death." And so he has. And he says (vol. xii., p. 487), that Charles V., being seriously ill, and in the very last days of his life, after having confessed and received the viaticum, finished what was yet wanting in the codicil to his last will, and that "both his testament and codicil breathe those Christian and religious ideas in which he had lived, and that piety which signaled his death." But since the will was so exemplary, and is so much praised by M. Lafuente on account of the piety which signaled it, and which is also revealed in the codicil, we here translate the first clause. "And I order him (said Charles) as a father who so much loves him, (his son Philip II.) as well as by the obedience which he owes to me, to take the greatest care of it, as a thing most important and deeply concerning him, that the heretics (the Lutherans in all the Spanish dominions) should be put down and punished with all vigour and severity; and this without any exception of persons, or regard for any supplication: and to this effect I command him to protect, and order to be assisted, the Holy Office of the Inquisition." We have here a specimen of that piety, and of those religious ideas which accompanied Charles V. in his death, to which the name of "exemplary" is applied by the new historian of Spain.

It is well known how faithfully those pious and exemplary injunctions were attended to by Philip II. His character, as well as that of his father, and everything connected with their respective reigns, although varnished a little now and then as occasion requires, have, we think, on the whole, been fairly represented by M. Lafuente, and even judiciously estimated. Some of his remarks, however, betray the character of the writer of "Fray Gerundio de Campazas." He pretended at that time to be a man of true liberal principles, and now in his History, since the tribunal of the Inquisition no longer exists in Spain (at least in the form in which it was originally organized), he falls in with general opinion in regarding that institution as altogether odious and abominable. And yet the political principle of compulsory religious unity, and of political unity as conducive to that of religion, seems to be the leading idea which pervades the whole of his work. Charles V. and Philip II. entertained the same idea, and were champions of the same principle. The consequences of their attachment to it are felt still in Spain. But "Charles" (says M. Lafuente in his Prelim. Dissert., page 145) "showed himself even more conciliatory than the Popes." We do not deny that, when it suited his interest, he was sagacious enough to simulate a certain spirit of conciliation and tolerance towards the Protestants of Germany. His son Philip, who in general craftiness excelled his father, imitated him also in this respect. When he came to England and was married to Mary, he wished to be acknowledged by the Parliament as the presumptive heir of the throne of England, and, in order to compass that object, he showed himself tolerant, mitigated the severity of the Queen, obtained the liberty of some illustrious prisoners, interceded for the Princess Elizabeth, and even caused sermons to be preached publicly and in his own presence in favour of religious tolerance. But his scheme failed, and he left England without any hope of the succession, and not a vestige of the tolerance he affected in this country ever afterwards appeared in his life. Taking as a pretext for his ambitious projects the defence of religious unity, and defending it by means which, though much altered in form, are yet in substance considered as lawful and necessary in Spain (M. Lafuente being one of their supporters), he did more than enough to render his memory execrable for ever.

Among other crimes of Philip II., M. Lafuente acknowledges that the preparation of the Armada against England was being carried on in the Spanish ports at a time when Philip had not declared hostilities against the English Queen (vol. xiv. p. 231). Far from war having been declared, the deputies of both the sovereigns were actually engaged in their friendly conferences at Bourbourg, near Calais, for the purpose of putting an end to the protracted war of the Low Countries; "though in the mean time" (says Lafuente, p. 234), Philip, first secretly, then with unavoidable publicity, had been making immense preparations for war," in order to invade this country. The Congress negotiating for peace at Bourbourg (p. 241) was not dispersed until after hearing the news of the arrival of the Armada in the Channel, on its way for the coast of England. James of Scotland refused to take part with Philip II. in this treacherous project of invasion, and forbade his subjects, though rather late, to assist the Spaniards. And for this M. Lafuente has the hardihood to denounce him for having acted as a bad Catholic. (See vol. xiv. p. 239.)

If such is the political and religious tolerance of M. Lafuente as an historian, and if such are the ideas which he seeks to instil into the readers of his History, no one can be surprised at his having been honoured with the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic. Perhaps other critical observations, scattered through the work, have contributed to confer on him this great meed of Catholic honour. In the Preliminary Dissertation (p. 259), we are told, in reference to Christina and her daughter the Queen of Spain:—"Providence committed the work of the regeneration of Spain, which had been for so many years opposed and delayed, to the beauty of a woman and to the innocence of a girl." It is not necessary, we think, in order to discover the real value and significance of such a compliment to appeal to any interpreter of the writings of the famous Gongora, whose extravagant phraseology seems to us to have been imitated by his Excellency Don Modesto Lafuente in a few instances, such as—"Humanity lives in the world of the West;" "the globe has been enlarged;" "the simultaneous course of the Spanish middle age towards the geographical unity."

To conclude, however, the History of M. Lafuente is generally written in a very correct and pure style, and the immense variety of subjects which it embraces is well distributed and skilfully connected, though some of the digressions, while justifiable to a certain extent, are unnecessarily diffuse. There is no want of picturesque-ness in many of the narratives and descriptions; and, in spite of the pervading bigotry of the sentiments, the reflections are often sagacious and just. The work has evidently been written with rapidity, and the manner in which it has been published, by instalments, has necessarily precluded a final revision. Otherwise, we may charitably hope some of the statements would have been modified, and some of the remarks omitted. It is something that there is sufficient intellectual life in Spain, and sufficient interest in historical subjects, to produce an historical work on so large a scale, and find readers for it. Better histories will no doubt soon follow, and Spain will begin to use for her present guidance the vivid light which is thrown on her condition by a fair view of her past.

COOKS AND COOKERY.

Second Notice.

WHEN, on any subject, from Scripture down to cookery, a vast body of writers come forward as teachers or commentators, the first question which suggests itself is as to their universal consent. If on any subject there is a direct contradiction in terms as to fundamentals, either we suspect the capacity of the teachers, or we at once dismiss the subject as incapable of scientific treatment. By this time, cookery ought to have passed out of the range of empiricism. In testing the qualifications of our instructors, the natural method of course occurs to compare their teachings on the first and simplest dish and on the most elementary process of cookery. What about a boiled leg of mutton? We have our private opinion on the merits of a boiled leg of mutton, but let that pass. It is a dish on which, anyhow, there are ample materials in practice for having arrived at some unanimity. Let us see how this is. A boiled leg of mutton stands No. 1 in the first cookery-book we ever studied—*Kitchener's Cook's Oracle*. This is the Doctor's teaching, and he was an authority in his time:—

Put it into lukewarm water for ten minutes, cover it with cold water, and let it simmer, &c.

In *A New System, &c.*, by a Lady, 1843, the matter is disposed of summarily. Speaking of boiling, she says:—

Put the meat into cold water.

When the fulness of the ages brought Soyer the illuminator, some doubt as to even this article of faith seems to have crept over the culinary mind. He says:—

Put the leg of mutton into a pan well covered with cold water.

And then he adds, on the Baconian principle:—

I have tried to cook it by placing it in water whilst boiling, and when again boiling I drew it to the corner of the fire. This does not eat so tender as when put into cold water.

The Lady's Guide, a book of which we have already spoken well, is very explicit:—

Have some boiling water in a saucepan; plunge the mutton in for one minute, take it out and put it into some quite cold water; then lastly into the boiling water, and let it simmer, &c.

Mr. Francatelli, perhaps because he did not choose to experiment on such a vulgar food, follows the traditions of the fathers of the kitchen:—

Place a leg of mutton in enough cold water to let it swim, and set it to boil.

Mrs. Beeton seems to have no misgivings:—

Plunge it into sufficient boiling water to cover it; let it boil well, then draw the saucepan to the side of the fire, &c.

To do our earliest authority justice, he seems to have been aware that there were two sides even to this simple argument. In his general axioms on boiling Dr. Kitchener does observe:—

That most simple of culinary processes is not often performed in perfection.

But he goes on to lay down the general principle axiomatically:—

Put your meat into cold water.

And then in a note he actually writes:—

Cooks, however, as well as doctors disagree; for some say that all sorts of fresh meat should be put in when the water boils.

A trifling difference this certainly—just a slight collision of authorities on the very threshold of the matter. We find as many and as sound authorities on the one side as on the other, and the most candid of them leaving it a moot point whether a leg of mutton is to be boiled in hot water or cold. If there is a *semper ubique et ab omnibus* in more serious matters, there is no consent of doctors about boiling meat. We turn to the philosophical critic who wears the doctor's gown, not the cook's cap. Dr. Lankester says:—

When persons are predetermined to throw away the water they boil meat in, they should recollect that albumen is contained in all meat; and if you put the meat in cold water it gradually exudes; but if you put it directly into boiling water you produce a covering of coagulated albumen around the meat, which keeps in, to a considerable extent, the creatine and all the other precious products of the juice of flesh. The water should boil; that is, should have a temperature of 212°, and be kept at that heat for ten or twelve minutes; then the heat may be reduced to 150°, and kept at this heat till the whole is cooked.—*Lectures on Food*.

The reflections which this conflict of authorities suggests are very appalling. If such a cook as Francatelli—and his merits are unquestionable—tells us to boil our mutton in a way which such an authority as Dr. Lankester denounces to be radically false and chemically bad, how shall we extend our confidence to him when he gets into the inmost mysteries of the *cuisine*? What but universal scepticism as to the possibility of the fundamental science of life can be the sad result? The controversy between the Big Endians and the Little Endians is nothing to the factions of cold boiling and hot boiling.

And yet, after all, the dispute is capable, not of being reconciled, but of being accounted for. Francatelli is misled by other and more rational customs of cookery. In every other country but England, the thing sought for is to economize materials—the end is to get into the human stomach, with the least possible waste, the most nutritive portions of food. Among ourselves the

exact reverse is sought for. Our plain roast and boiled is devised to waste as much as possible the food we cook. If the liquor in which mutton is boiled were utilized and consumed, undoubtedly the right course would be to get as much out of the meat as we can; and to put it on in cold water and stew it makes the liquor rich. If, however, we will not eat our broth, then the sooner, as Dr. Lankester says, the meat is encrusted with a coat or crust the better; because then more of the sapidity of the joint is hermetically sealed in. And this leads us to a lay sermon on the profligacy and immorality of the British joint.

Reason good there is why "plain cooks" should enlarge on their qualifications for executing plain roast and boiled. Their interests are well cared for in the "Roast Beef of Old England." Let any meditative master of the house weigh his sirloin as it comes from the butcher and as it escapes from the kitchen fire, and ponder upon the difference. From one fourth to one third of the meat has disappeared, and he has paid tenpence a pound for a residuum known to the initiated as dripping, the result of which, at fourpence a pound, has gone into the cook's pocket. It is a very small or a very economical and managing family in which the cook's "perquisites" from this article, and kindred pickings and stealings, do not reach from ten to fifteen pounds a year; and when she has once found her way to that mysterious establishment round the corner in which "Dripping bought here" salutes the initiated eye, there is an end of her trustworthiness. The demoralization of servants may be traced to the British joint. We say nothing of the merely economical aspect of the matter; but he would be the greatest benefactor of the British race who could compel the practice of economical cookery. And the worst of it is that the lower you go in the social scale the more profligate is the waste of food. The "chops and steaks, sir," of every inn parlour, and the broiled or toasted rasher of the cottage, involve a loss of nourishing food often equal to one half of the raw material. And the poor will not make soup. It is part of the Protestantism of the British mind to suspect and eschew slops. One would think that stews were an article of Pope Pius's creed, from the insane hatred which the middle and lower classes exhibit towards kickshaws, under which convenient phrase they class all but "roast and boiled" "good butcher's meat." The story has been often told of the enthusiastic country clergyman who for three months kept house for all his parishioners in a Sussex village, and initiated them into the recondite difficulties of the stock-pot and the stew-pan. Success was unequivocal—not a woman who did not appreciate the soup and bouilli. And on their return to their own hearths there was not one who ever practised the lore learnt in the parsonage. The contrast has often been drawn of the Zouave's *pot au feu* and the guardsman toasting his rations on a bayonet: and things are much as they were. We should much like to know whether, even in regimental kitchens, we have not gone back to the good old fashion of giving our soldiers boiled beef every day in the year—cooked, moreover, on the admirable plan of souasing it into clear cold water till it boils up.

Of course few of our authorities condescend to go into the philosophy—that is, the chemistry—of cooking. *The Lady's Guide* and Mrs. Beeton are to some extent exceptions; but we must recur to Dr. Lankester or the *Chemistry of Common Things* for first principles. Few Cookery Books are more than an unscientific farrago of mere empiric knowledge. And as we have been discussing the matter of boiling a leg of mutton, and as we have shown that there is no absolute certain rule in a matter so very simple and elementary as this, we will venture with all humility to interpose a doubt as to the received practice of cooking fish. With one consent and admirable unanimity, we are told in every book before us to put our cod's head and our lump of salmon, our turbot and our mackerel, into cold water with plenty of salt, and under certain circumstances some vinegar, to harden the water; but in the case of crimped salmon and crimped cod everybody teaches us to plunge it into boiling water. We are told further—which is true—that the operation of crimping produces muscular contraction, the boiling water retains this contraction, and "the fish eats"—we should say we eat the fish—"firmer." There may be some difference between crimped and uncrimped fish, which would chemically account for the difference in treatment; but we wish that MM. Soyer and Francatelli had condescended to announce it. Everybody knows that a boiled cod's head and shoulders is usually flaccid, woolly, and soft, and that slices of crimped cod are usually flaky, creamy and hard. But we must at least ask whether the difference may not be as much due to the water as to the crimping. And if crimped fish is so much better than uncrimped, why on earth should not every fish that we cook be crimped? The alleged cruelty has nothing to do with it; for there is no occasion whatever to crimp salmon, or trout, or turbot, or cod, till it is dead. Fish can be crimped successfully for a considerable time after it is dead; because the life of the muscular survives the life of the nervous or sensitive system. And as to our suggestion of boiling fish in boiling water, the ideal salmon feast, the famous Scotch kettle of fish, is supposed to be compassed when a salmon attempting a leap can be induced to commit suicide by jumping into a boiling kettle prepared for his reception.

Altogether we fear that we must say *exoritur aliquis*. We want the combination of the chemist and the cook. Few more correct and varied recipes can be collected than those furnished by Francatelli, and in the *Lady's Guide* there are admirable hints on the management of the table for the higher classes

But this lady only writes for people whose incomes are from one thousand to two thousand a year; and for this favoured class we think that this excellent authority pitches her tone too high. It is not given to the barrister of twelve hundred a year to aspire to his *menu à la Russe*, with half-a-dozen wines, and the butler and footman and first-rate cook which these appetizing pages assume. A polybuttonous boy is about the limit of his male establishment. It is not for such establishments as those contemplated by the *Lady's Guide* that we want *Cookery Books*. It is not in its higher aspects that English cookery is deficient. It is on that vast level of society which has only three female servants and a boy that the pinch of starvation presses. It is in those moderate households where good cookery is theoretically appreciated and never experienced, that we want a *Gastronomic Regenerator*. And for a really valuable repository of hints on all sorts of household matters, though her book has a vulgar and catch-penny appearance, we recommend Mrs. Beeton with few misgivings.

MARCHESE'S MISCELLANIES.*

IT is doubtless a great temptation to an author's vanity to collect during his lifetime his fugitive and often anonymous writings, and to republish them with his name as a volume of *Miscellanies*; but it is as often as not a temptation which it would be well to resist. The fashion is not confined to England. We have before us such a volume, recently published at Florence, in which the Dominican friar, Vincent Marchese, has not only collected the scattered fragments of his writings, but has favoured his readers with his portrait as a frontispiece, in which we take leave to say, from personal knowledge, the artist has done his subject less than justice. We are very glad, however, to have in this convenient form the scattered essays of this accomplished art-critic and historian. The great Dominican Order to which Padre Marchese belongs has scarcely, of late years, maintained its old reputation for literature and art. But our author is no discredit to the famous convent of San Marco, at Florence, of which he was for many years an inmate. It is almost a wonder that that house, by its traditions and historical associations of Savonarola, and by the inestimable art-treasures which it contains in the masterpieces of the Blessed Angelico's fresco-painting on the walls of the cells of the dormitory, has not kindled more literary and artistic enthusiasm among its members. A sickly school of religious painting has indeed lingered within its walls, which was represented a few years since by the mild feebleness of Fra Serafino. P. Marchese, while he remained at Florence—for he dates this volume from the convent of his Order at Genoa—was a better representative of the literary eminence of the Preaching Friars. His best known work, the *Memorie dei più insigni Pittori, Scultori e Architetti Domenicani*, has achieved a European reputation, and has even been translated into English. In this he made good use of the archives and original documents of the Order, to which, of course, he had access, and he has not only corrected and supplemented our acquaintance with the general history of early Italian painting, but he has brought to light many previously unknown workers in different branches of religious art. In particular, he is the best authority for the life of the greatest of all mystical painters, the Beato Angelico, whose biography was naturally a labour of love to a member of the same religious community. So, too, the next greatest artist of the Order, the famous Fra Bartolommeo della Porta, the convert of Savonarola, figures conspicuously in these *Memoirs*. How little more is to be known about Fra Angelico than Marchese has collected may be seen by any one who has chanced to fall in with a flimsy life of that painter recently published by the Rev. T. Goodwin.

More than half of the miscellaneous volume now before us is occupied by a history of the convent of St. Mark at Florence, which is, however, only a fragment. The author tells us that he contemplated giving a full history of this celebrated house, from its foundation in 1436 down to the year 1815. This would have included, besides the really great names which we have already mentioned, memoirs of Santi Pagnini, Zanobi Acciaiuoli, G. A. Vespucci (uncle of the famous navigator), Moniglia, Orsi, and Mamachi, who are worthies, it must be confessed, of far less importance. The work was to have been contained in four parts, and it first appeared in 1850 in a serial form, with illustrations from Angelico's frescoes in the convent. When it was little more than half finished, the publication came to an end, seemingly for want of support. "I tempi," says the author, ambiguously, "corsero tanto avversi a questo racconto," that he was obliged to abandon the undertaking. This is to be regretted, for, in spite of that vice of prolixity which is characteristic of modern Italian literature, the history of this religious house is fresh, original, and interesting. However, it is to be remembered that the earlier history of such an establishment is far more instructive and important than its more recent annals can be; and, as a matter of fact, after the death of Savonarola, which is included in Padre Marchese's fragment, little interest attaches to the Convent of San Marco. The whole monastic system, indeed, as represented by the reformed mediæval Orders of Dominicans and Franciscans, sank into almost complete effete and uselessness after the mediæval form of society had passed away. The very formation of new bodies, like the Jesuits and Oratorians, and other communities of

the same kind, testified to the need of a new type of the professed religious life in order to meet the altered state of society. Precious as they were to the artist, the decaying convents of St. Francis and St. Dominic which, until last year, were the rival ornaments of every Italian town, large or small, might just as well have been dissolved three centuries ago for all the good they have done to literature or religion. Dom Pitra, indeed, has shown that there was room for a few learned Benedictines, even in this age, who might carry on the theological labours of their predecessors; and the *Spicilegium Solesmense* is not unworthy of the successors of Mabillon and Montfaucon. But even this want is not perennial, and scholarship is no longer confined to monastic bodies. We suppose that there are few who will deny that the late attempt by no less a person than Lacordaire to revive the Dominican Order in France was both an anachronism and an affectation.

Curious as it is to see the history of an Italian religious house written by one of its own members, the details of the narrative could have but little interest for our readers. It will suffice to say, that Padre Marchese begins with a rapid sketch of the early history of the Dominican Order, and a summary of the political troubles of Florence before the Medicean epoch. The story of the library of the convent is an episode which is not without interest; and it deserves honourable mention that this was the first library in Europe that was opened to the public. This was before 1440; and the first arranger of its manuscripts was Master Thomas of Sarzana, who afterwards reigned as Pope Nicholas V. Cosmo de' Medici, the actual founder of the convent of San Marco, first enriched its library with the greater part of the collection of the famous Niccolò Niccoli, who died in 1439, and who was not only the greatest book collector of his time, but one of the earliest students of Greek in Italy. Niccoli, indeed, left his *codices* to the public, but he died insolvent, and his books, unless Cosmo had stepped in with great liberality to redeem them, must have been dispersed in order to pay his debts. As it was, about a third of his manuscripts went to form the nucleus of the Medicean (afterwards the Laurentian) library, and the rest were deposited in a fine room in San Marco, built specially by Michelozzi. The annals of the convent recount the successive additions to the library. In 1444 the brethren spent 400 golden florins in buying books of canon law at Siena; and in the following year Cosmo bought for 250 florins forty-nine books of theology from the library of the Franciscans at Lucca. In 1496, when Piero di Lorenzo de' Medici was driven into exile, and the Medicean library was spoiled, the Republic sold its contents bodily to the fathers of San Marco. To make the purchase, the convent had to raise 2000 golden ducats by loan, besides selling some land. But their liberality had a poor reward; for in two years' time, after Savonarola's unhappy end, the Republic not only took away by force these Medicean books, but even some of the former possessions of the library. They were restored in 1500; but the convent was now so burthened with debt, that the brethren, in 1508, had to sell the greater part of their manuscripts to Cardinal Galleotto Franciotti, from whom they went to Leo X., who deposited them finally in Rome. From this blow the library of San Marco has never recovered.

The Council of Florence, which was to bring back the Greek Church into the Latin communion, gives Padre Marchese his next good topic. But he handles the subject too much as a partisan to be quite agreeable. Saint Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, who, according to the story, succeeded to the See when it had been declined by Fra Angelico, was himself also a Dominican monk, and therefore his biography is told in these pages at considerable length. The story of the struggles of the different factions of Florence during his time is obscure enough; but the record of the Archbishop's saintly life throughout this stormy period is well worth reading, and a philanthropist would find interest in the details of the various benevolent institutions which this good prelate founded and endowed. The heroism of St. Antonine during the dreadful plague of 1456 was not inferior to that afterwards displayed at Milan by St. Charles Borromeo. Next, the life and adventures of one Antonio Neyrot, a pupil of this Archbishop Antonine, are told in full, and are like a romance. This young monk determined to see the world, and, having wrung an unwilling consent from his superiors, proceeded through Italy to Sicily. Returning by sea to Naples, he was captured by pirates and carried to Tunis as a slave. Here he became a renegade, married, and was advanced to honours. His conscience was first moved by his study of the Koran, and finally he repented his apostacy, recanted publicly, and was martyred in 1460 by stoning. In the memoir of Savonarola, our author, inspired by his subject, would seem to be almost a liberal in politics, although this is contradicted by his language in other places. But it is difficult to be the admiring biographer of that fiery Reformer without in some degree sharing his spirit. With that curious ignorance of English politics which is so often found in Ultramontane, and especially Italian Ultramontane, writers, Padre Marchese reckons his hero among those greatest of mankind, "da Mosè a O'Connell," who have spent their lives for the moral and civil regeneration of their peoples. The frightful corruption of the clergy in the fifteenth century is boldly enough admitted by our author, though a footnote warns his readers against supposing that the evil was universal. As might be expected from his antecedents, Marchese couples the classical renaissance of art with impurity of morals; and he finds no language too strong for denouncing the "Arcadian" euphuism and the undisguised paganism of such men as Cardinal Bembo and his contemporaries. He does not add much

* *Scritti Vari del P. Vincenzo Marchese, Domenicano.* Firenze: Le Monnier.

to our knowledge of Savonarola's life, except perhaps a few dates, and a story that the Reformer in his youth had been engaged to marry a Ferrarese damsel of the Strozzi family. Our readers will see that this history of the Convent of San Marco is not the less curious in that we have an account of familiar men and things written from a new point of view.

The other contents of this volume it will be sufficient to indicate very briefly. Dantophilists may consult it for an essay on those most vexed questions, the "Papa Angelico" and the "Veltrò" of the *Divina Commedia*. There are reviews and notices of several books, among which is Chavin de Malan's *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*. The rest are chiefly essays on art subjects. For instance, there are articles on Antonello da Messina, with reference to the first introduction of oil-painting into Italy, and on Gentile da Fabriano, besides other less-known painters. The most curious of these papers is a letter to Cesare Guasti entitled "Dei Puristi e degli Accademici." The author seems to know the English pre-Raphaelite school by name only, and on the authority of M. de Laborde, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, he condemns it for running into extremes. He says of the purists of the day—"Cosi' evitando l'esagerato e il convenzionale degli Accademici, caddero nel secco e nello stentato, senz' anima e senza calore." In this paper, we may observe, the writer seems to suppose (if we may judge from an incidental remark) that Byron and Moore are *par excellence* the religious poets of England. It is not very easy to find modern Italian books which may safely be recommended; so that, to many people, Padre Marchese's volume may be welcome as a collection of instructive and useful essays, very agreeably written and suitable for general reading.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MADAME LENORMANT, after having gathered together and given to the world the correspondence of Madame Récamier, has been fortunate enough to find in the papers of her friend the elements of another interesting volume.* The biography of the author of *Corinne* has still to be written, but when it is written, the book now under consideration will supply many curious particulars respecting the ten years' exile of the noble-hearted woman who, at a time when everybody was bowing in dumb acquiescence to the caprice of Napoleon, had the singular courage of sacrificing on the shrine of duty her comforts, her happiness, and her peace. It is well known that, during the course of her long and weary pilgrimage, Madame de Staël found at the court of Weimar the most generous hospitality and the deepest sympathy. She naturally formed with the Grand-duchess Louise a friendship which soon ripened into close intimacy, and the result was a correspondence the originals of which, carefully preserved amongst the archives of the Duke of Weimar, were transcribed and presented to Madame Récamier by the now ruling sovereign of that state. The interest, however, of the volume in question is far from being concentrated in the letters of Madame de Staël to the Grand-duchess. Other documents, not immediately connected with the subject of the work, have been added, which are perhaps still more curious, particularly two letters addressed by Madame de Staël to Napoleon—the one on the occasion of her first exile, and the second a *propos* of the publication of her work on Germany. The incidental notices given of the state of Germany during the campaign of 1804, and the anecdotes of Göthe, Schiller, Kotzebue, and Werner, are likewise very interesting; nor must we forget Madame Lenormant's preface, with its excellent appreciation of French salons and French society.

The despotism of Napoleon had effectually destroyed, though only for a season, those intellectual gatherings which have always been the boast of our neighbours. If the equally stern rule of Louis XIV. did not bring about the like consequences two hundred years ago, it is because at that time the Hôtel de Rambouillet and all the other centres of the same description, were merely what they pretended to be, *bureaux d'esprit*, where politics did not receive a moment's attention. The history of those early salons has often been related, but it is amusing to see the impression they produced upon two foreigners of rank and education who travelled through France merely for the purpose of observing men and manners, and who jotted down their reminiscences in a simple, unaffected way, without the slightest suspicion that posterity would, long after they had departed from this world, be canvassing their thoughts and discussing their criticisms. The journal we are referring to was discovered amongst the MSS. of the royal library at The Hague by M. P. Faugère †, then in quest of documents about Pascal, and it is now published for the first time, with notes, an appendix of *pièces justificatives*, and an elaborate preface, from which the merits of the volume may be completely known. The two Dutch gentlemen whose narrative has thus become the common property of all persons interested in the history of French society, were evidently persons of high political importance; for we see them accompanying their ambassador even to the diplomatic interviews with Louis XIV., and being kept *au courant* of all the state transactions that were at that time going on between the court of Versailles and that of the Ne-

therlands. They frequent the society of Madame de Sevigné and Madame de La Fayette; but we watch them also as they wait in the *galerie d'Apollon* for the hour of the king's levée, and the news which they are able to collect on all sides is very different from the idle gossip which commonly makes up the only topic of what people call *impressions de voyage*. The details contained in this volume respecting Mazarine, the Duc d'Anjou, the Queen-mother, and the principal persons of the court may be quoted as proofs that it deserves a place amongst the best memoirs which the seventeenth century has bequeathed to us; and the hitherto unknown particulars given about Queen Christina of Sweden should also be particularly mentioned. In addition, the style is quite idiomatic, and does not betray in the slightest degree the foreign origin of the two *collaborateurs*.

The MSS. collections of the late M. Vinet still yield from time to time a fresh volume full of those noble thoughts and that exquisite critical talent which have assigned to him so high a place amongst the French, or rather the French-writing, *aristarchi* of the nineteenth century. After all that has been said, and well said, about M. Vinet by judges such as M. Laboulaye, M. Sainte-Beuve and M. de Lamartine, it would be needless for us to attempt another appreciation of his intellectual character. We shall only add here that the volume recently published ‡, and containing his remarks on the French poets of the Louis-quatorze epoch, is quite equal in merit to the other portions of his works which relate particularly to literary topics. These *Études*, as they are styled on the title-page, are in fact the reproduction of a course of lectures delivered by M. Vinet at Lausanne in the years 1844 and 1845. They have been printed partly from fragments in the author's own handwriting, and partly from the notes of his pupils, Corneille, Racine and Molière occupy, of course, the lion's share of the volume, but due notice is taken even of Quinault; and the remarks on La Fontaine and Boileau are sufficient to give us a complete idea of the character and productions of these two poets.

Amongst the thinkers of the present day who belong to the school of Vinet we may name without hesitation M. Prévost-Paradol. The *Pages d'Histoire contemporaine* § display the same love of liberty, the same respect for the dignity of human nature, the same thorough detestation of cant, which distinguished the Lausanne Professor. It is not often that articles of a political nature deserve to be reproduced in a more permanent form than that supplied by the columns of a newspaper; but M. Prévost-Paradol's contributions to the *Courier du Dimanche* are an exception. The questions they discuss are all reduced to topics of a permanently interesting description, and the speeches of M. Troplong, the articles of the *Univers*, and the *brochures* of the day are only texts, so to say, from which the highest kind of political teaching is deduced and enforced. M. Prévost-Paradol reminds us in many passages of Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, and he is equally happy when he deals with irony and when he refutes his opponents by a plain examination of their sophisms. The concluding letter of the volume, intended to illustrate a passage from Tacitus, seems to us an admirable specimen of quiet yet effective satire.

The next volume, for which we are indebted to M. Cousin †, is a kind of memento of events and interests long gone by. It is connected with the restoration of philosophy in France—with the first efforts made to overthrow the doctrines of the Condillac school of metaphysics. At that time, we mean from 1815 to 1820, M. Royer-Collard was the great teacher at the Sorbonne, and M. Cousin occupied the professorial chair merely as his substitute. The pieces collected under the title *Premiers Essais de Philosophie* are chiefly fragments of the lectures then delivered, and which have been preserved by the care of MM. Garnier, Vacherot, Damiron, and other well-known pupils and friends of the author. Some of them are of a biographical character, the majority are discussions of theories, but they are all distinguished by that energy, brilliancy, and *verve* which, after a lapse of more than forty years, still shine so conspicuously in the writings of M. Cousin. Besides the original preface, we have noticed a new *avertissement*, in which the author points out the terms of the alliance which should exist between revealed religion and spiritualist metaphysics. M. Cousin carefully and distinctly repudiates all the philosophical traditions of the eighteenth century, and exhorts us to preserve only the spirit of independence which was the prominent feature of that epoch, and which he would have us employ in another direction. The concluding appendix contains a few details on the teaching of metaphysics at the *École Normale*, which may interest persons anxious to become acquainted with the intellectual history of France during the early part of this century.

We have already noticed, on a previous occasion, M. Batbie's memoir of Turgot. The monograph we would now consider § is from the pen of a gentleman well known in the learned world, and it obtained one of the prizes awarded by the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. We think that for clearness of style, method, and abundance of details, M. Tissot is far superior to M. Batbie. He begins by a biographical account of Turgot;

* *Études sur les Poètes du Siècle de Louis XIV.* Par A. Vinet. Paris: Meyruei.

† *Pages d'Histoire contemporaine.* Par M. Prévost-Paradol. Paris: Michel Lévy.

‡ *Premiers Essais de Philosophie.* Par V. Cousin. Paris: Didier.

§ *Turgot, sa Vie, son Administration, ses Œuvres.* Par J. Tissot, Doyen de la Faculté des Lettres de Dijon. Paris: Didier.

* *Copet et Weimar; Madame de Staël et la Grande-duchesse Louise.* Paris: Michel Lévy.

† *Journal d'un Voyage à Paris en 1657—1658, publié par A. P. Faugère.* Paris: Duprat.

he then follows him throughout the different phases of his administrative career, and devotes the third and last division of his volume to a minute critique of the economist's writings, ending with the works treating of the subject to which Turgot devoted his chief attention. M. Tissot has, perhaps, not sufficiently shown the influence of Quesnay's views on the system of his hero, but this is the only incomplete part in his otherwise remarkable memoir. The biographical details which he has gathered illustrate fully the share taken by Turgot in the events of his times, and in appreciating the political reforms contemplated by the Minister, he has arrived at nearly the same conclusions as M. Batbie. Turgot's works embrace so wide a range of subjects, that no one but a critic of the most varied abilities could do justice to them. M. Tissot has left no point untouched which could help to bring out in all their reality the high qualities of Turgot, and he has added by way of conclusion the reprint of a small work which has not been included in the last edition of the Minister's writings, although it is extremely curious as illustrating the spirit of religious intolerance existing at a time when the clergy itself, in France, seemed proud to set the example of corruption and scandal.

M. Jung-Treuttel's collection is still receiving fresh developments, and we are glad to see it gradually extending beyond the limits of merely imaginative literature. M. Erckmann-Chatrian's tale, *Le Fou Yéyof**, has already appeared in the pages of the *Revue Nationale*, and deserves to be singled out from the countless volumes of novels which each day produces in such numbers. M. Chatrian has, it is well known, aimed at perpetuating amongst his countrymen the style of the celebrated German writer Hoffman, and he has established his quarters on the territories of dream-land. The present story takes us back to the invasion of France by the allied troops in the year 1814. It contains some remarkable bits of description, but the madman whose name appears on the title-page seems to us a mere excrescence, which could easily have been left out altogether without any detriment to the interest of the narrative.

After a protracted silence, M. Henry Monnier comes once more before the public with one of those collections of sketches† taken from what is called *la petite bourgeoisie*, which have long ago made his name so popular. M. Henry Monnier's heroes and heroines are not of a very dignified type. Porters, tradespeople, milliners, and national guardsmen, are the leading actors in his amusing dramatic scenes; but they have the great merit of being extremely natural. The delineation given of them has all the accuracy of a photograph, and it is impossible to mistake them. M. Monnier's *grisettes* are never anything but *grisettes*; his *épiciers* are amusing without sinking into caricatures; and, above all, he carefully avoids the mixture of sentimentalism and coarseness which spoils so much of the French popular literature of the day. Under the title *La Religion des Imbéciles*, we have a series of seven different scenes, corresponding to the seven leading events in a man's life, and in which the view taken of religious ceremonies by low and unthinking people is amusingly described. The chapter referring to penance is particularly characteristic, on account of the idea which the *exisuière* entertains of the mortification which masters and mistresses should be subjected to. We have heard of the Saturnalia of ancient Rome; but when shall we see a lady, in her anxiety to do penance for her sins, going to market, running on errands, making the beds, cleaning her own shoes, and those of her servants also? M. Henry Monnier promises to treat us, at some future time, with *La Politique des Imbéciles*; and we shall look hopefully forward to the realization of this pledge.

We said just now that works of fiction were not henceforth to compose the only element of M. Jung-Treuttel's collection. M. Victor Chauvin's *Romanciers Grecs et Latins*‡ is an evidence of this fact. Our author is not by any means disposed to exalt the subject which he has chosen. He acknowledges that the greater part of the romance-writers of antiquity are positively worthless; but still the study of their works may be of some profit, because in the midst of much that is unreadable, we find here and there a striking passage, a curious picture of heathen society; and just as we like to form an idea of Roman private life from the mural paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii, so we are anxious to find in the pages of ancient writers a confirmation of the notions we have adopted on that subject. Besides, when we think that works of fiction are now the principal intellectual food of the public, and that the popularity of such works is on the increase, it is natural that we should wish to know something about the origin and antecedents of imaginative literature. Even a prelate like Huet did not think it below his dignity to take romances for the subject of an erudite disquisition; and why should we be a whit more particular now? M. Chauvin has much (and wisely) restricted the limits of his volume, by excluding altogether compositions that are not, strictly speaking, novels. This has enabled him to devote more space to the authors whom he examines, and to give within the compass of a relatively small work a very sufficient idea of prose fiction both in Greece and in Rome.

We have seen M. J. Tardieu de St. Germain constructing a novel on a pin's head. M. Jules Noirit prefers the needles, and

gives us the memoirs of one of those useful agents of modern civilization. The heroine of *Pour Une Aiguille* is a *grisette*, the pink and perfection of *grisette*-dom. One evening, whilst working at a silk dress, she breaks the only needle she has. Her cries of distress bring to her assistance a very nice young man, who first presents her with a fresh needle, and then selects her as his friend and the *confidante* of all his deepest secrets. Marie—such is the name of the fair one—although deeply in love with her obliging neighbour, conceals her passion, and even helps him most generously to realize plans which must prove to her a source of never-ending grief. But virtue even in this world occasionally meets with its reward, and Gaston Morand finishes by marrying the *grisette*, whose merits he is obliged to acknowledge. It is impossible to conceive anything more unnatural, more beyond the verge of probability than the story entitled *Pour Une Aiguille*; but it is amusingly told, and some of the characters will be easily recognised by those who know anything of student life in Paris.

M. Léon Gozlan's *Histoire d'un Diamant** is a kind of historical novel connected with the events of the late Indian mutiny, and in which we find sketches of English character so ridiculously absurd that we cannot make up our mind to quarrel with the author for their unfairness. The principal actor in the book is a certain Sikh called Nadir-Zeb, who is in the service of one of the richest diamond-merchants in the Bengal presidency, by name William Ramsay. Nadir-Zeb has found the way of gaining the affection of Miss Nanny, Ramsay's favourite daughter. He delivers her in the most miraculous manner from the coils of a cobra di capello; he then gets possession of a diamond of fabulous value, which secures to him complete mastery over the revolted natives; and the book closes with the elopement of Nanny and Nadir-Zeb, who has obtained the lady's consent only on the express condition that he should take no part in the massacre of the European residents. M. Léon Gozlan, we hope, will soon redeem his literary reputation by giving us something better than the *Histoire d'un Diamant*.

The Magdalen† about whom an anonymous author discourses in one of M. Michel Lévy's smart duodecimos, fully deserves the title she assumes. Never was there such an instance of thorough wickedness as the beautiful Marchioness Aldomarini, née Eveline de Monroy. She marries, for love, a man in every respect qualified to make the most *exigeante* wife happy. She knows that amongst the ladies whom she meets in society, there is not one who would not consider herself most fortunate in securing such a husband as the marquis, and yet we see her flinging away her comfort and her reputation together, taking three lovers in succession, and accumulating upon her own conscience such a weight of remorse that years of sorrow will not be able to atone, in after life, for what she has done. *La Dernière Madeleine* is a well-written tale, but it reminds us both of George Sand's celebrated novel *Jacques*, and of M. Jules Sandeau's *Marianne*. In wishing to interest us on behalf of the husband, the author has delineated a kind of *mari complaisant*, whose excessive indulgence degenerates into something like weakness.

M. Paul Varin's narrative of the late Chinese expedition‡ is a plain, unpretending account, taken from the military point of view, without the slightest attempt at either unravelling the mysteries of diplomacy or giving the philosophy of the campaign. Whatever may have been the causes of the war, the capture of Peking is certainly one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the nineteenth century, and future annalists will quote, as a striking instance of modern daring, the occupation by a handful of French and English soldiers of the capital of that monarch whose boast it is that he rules the ten thousand kingdoms which are under the face of the sun. M. Varin begins his story with a statement of the preliminary negotiations made in December, 1857, by Lord Elgin and Baron Gros. He then tells us what the original views of the French Emperor were with respect to the composition of the army destined to bring the Chinese to their senses, but how the four projected regiments of Zouaves, the battalion of Belgian sharpshooters, and the other accessories had to be reduced out of consideration for the *entente cordiale*. A short but complete journal of the campaign then follows, together with a description of the summer palace, and of the clearing which took place when the troops made themselves masters of it. We need hardly inform our readers that the French soldiers behaved with the utmost discretion, only pocketing a few trifles, and clearing away a limited number of valuables compared to what *l'armée anglaise aurait certainement pratiqué*. It is well known, in fact, that Zouaves are remarkable for their self-denying qualities, and for their almost abhorrence of plunder. To speak seriously, it is a great matter of regret that M. Varin should have allowed a false spirit of patriotism to disfigure some of the pages of his otherwise interesting volume. We might, for instance, ask him where he has found out that the English, by an insolent piece of policy, wanted to represent themselves as being the leaders of the expedition, and as *having the French soldiers in their pay*? The description of Peking occupies the 39th chapter of M. Varin's journal. It is illustrated with several excellent plans and drawings, which enable the reader to form a very tolerable idea of the

* *Le Fou Yéyof*. Par M. Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

† *La Religion des Imbéciles*. Par Henry Monnier. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

‡ *Les Romanciers Grecs et Latins*. Par M. Victor Chauvin. Paris: Jung-Treuttel.

§ *Pour Une Aiguille*. Par Jules Noirit. Paris: Arnauld de Vresse.

* *Histoire d'un Diamant*. Par Léon Gozlan. Paris: Michel Lévy.

† *Une Nouvelle Madeleine*. Par l'Auteur du Roman d'une Jeune Femme laide. Paris: Michel Lévy.

‡ *Expédition de Chine*. Par M. Paul Varin. Paris: Michel Lévy.

wonderful city. We have also to notice a short account of the work accomplished in China by the Roman Catholic missionaries. About the end of the seventeenth century, thanks to the spirit of toleration which prevailed then at the Chinese court, these pioneers of civilization could labour, not only unmolested, but were countenanced to a certain extent by the local government. Since that time various causes have contributed to destroy these good results, and chiefly perhaps the spirit of ambition which took possession of some of the missionaries themselves. One of the fruits of the late expedition will, it may be hoped, have been to facilitate the spread of Christianity, and to form once more the elements of a native church.

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Age when insured.	Sum insured.	Annual Premium for first Five Years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
20	£1,000	£21 15 10	£10 7 3
30	2,000	51 8 4	25 7 7
40	3,000	101 17 6	48 4 0
50	5,000	223 15 0	108 13 4

If instead of taking the benefit of a reduced payment, a member chooses to employ the amount of the abatement in a further insurance, he may, without increasing his outlay, take out an additional policy at the end of the first five years of, on an average, more than 45 per cent. on the sum originally insured, and at the end of the second five years of above 50 per cent. more, with further additions afterwards.

The following Table presents Examples of the Amounts to be thus obtained at the existing rate of profits:—

Age when insured.	Original Amount of Policy.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of first five years.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of second five years.
20	£1,000	£1,475	£1,700
30	2,000	3,537	3,770
40	3,000	4,572	4,995
50	5,000	7,791	8,923

As a third alternative a member may have the amount of the abatement converted year by year into a provision bonus payable at death.

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Insurances are effected at the usual rates.

By Order of the Board,

RICHARD RAY, Secretary.

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—Patrons—

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JOHN HODGSON, M.A., Secretary.

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This Society has paid in claims more than £1,250,000

And has policies now in force amounting to 6,480,000

Its accumulated funds for the redemption of policies and for other purposes £250,000

And its gross income is upwards of £340,000

Assurances may be effected up to £10,000 on the same life.

The Society has no agents and allows no commission, nevertheless the new assurances effected in the last financial year amounted to £287,240, and the new annual premiums to £10,567.

EDWARD DICKER, Secretary.

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